



dead
☰☰
prez

lets get free

PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Wolves"

[Wolf Howls]

I'm not a hunter but i am told,
that, uh, in places like in the arctic,
where indiginous people sometimes might, might, hunt a wolf,
they'll take a double edged blade,
and they'll put blood on the blade,
and they'll melt the ice and stick the handle in the ice,
so that only the blade is protruding,
and that a wolf will smell the blood and wants to eat,
and it will come and lick the blade trying to eat,
and what happens is when the wolf licks the blade,
of course, he cuts his tongue, and he bleeds,
and he thinks he's really having a good thing,
and he drinks and he licks and he licks,
and of course he is drinking his own blood and he kills himself,
thats what the Imperialists did with us with crack cocaine,
you have these young brothers out there who think they are getting something
they gonna make a living with,
they is getting something they can buy a car,
like the white people have cars, why can't i have a car?
they getting something they can get a piece of gold,
white people have gold, why can't i have gold?
they getting something to get a house,
white people have a house, why can't i have a house?
and they actually think that theres something thats bringing resources to them,
but they're killing themsleves just like the wolf was licking the blade,
and they're slowly dying without knowing it.
thats whats happening to the community, you with me on that?
thats exactly, precisely what happens to the community,
and instead of blaming the hunter who put the damn handle and blade in the ice
for the wolf,
that what happens is the wolf gets the blame, gets the blame for trying to live,
thats what happens in our community,
you don't blame the person, the victim,
you blame the oppressor, Imperialism, white power is the enemy,
was the enemy when it first came to Africa,
and snatched up the first African brothers here against our will,
iss the enemy today,
and thats the thing that we have to understand.

[Clapping]

Dead Prez Lyrics

"I'm A African"

Yo turn this motherfucking shit up!
Ha ha ha
Uhuru, coupe tete boule kay
Rwanda, Nigeria, Africa's in the house
My nigga D.R.

[Verse 1]

Nigga the red is for the blood in my arm
The black is for the gun in my palm
And the green is for the tram that grows natural
Like locks on Africans
Holdin the smoke from the herb in my abdomen
Camouflage fatigues, and daishikis
Somewhere in between N.W.A. and P.E.
I'm black like Steve Biko
Raised in the ghetto by the people
Fuck the police you know how we do

[Verse 2]

Ayo my life is like Roots it's a true story
It's too gory for them televised fables on cable
I'm a runaway slave watching the north star
Shackles on my forearm, runnin with the gun on my palm
I'm an African, never was an African-American
Blacker than black I take it back to my origin
Same skin hated by the klansmen
Big nose and lips, big hips and butts, dancin, what

[HOOK:]

I'm a African
I'm a African, uhh
And I know what's happenin
I'm a African
I'm a African, uhh
And I know what's happenin
You a African?
You a African?, louder
Do you know what's happenin?
I'm a African
I'm a African, uhh
And I know what's happenin

It's plain to see, you cant change me
cuz I'm a people army for life

Where you from fool?

[Verse 3]

No I wasn't born in Ghana, but Africa is my momma
And I did not end up here from bad karma
Or from B-Ball, selling mad crack or rappin
Peter Tosh try to tell us what happened
He was sayin if you black then you African
So they had to kill him, and make him a villain
Cuz he was teachin the children
I feel him, he was tryin to drop us a real gem
That's why we bucking holes in the ceilin when we hearin

[HOOK]

A-F-R-I-C-A, Puerto Rico, Haiti, and J.A.
New York and Cali, F-L-A
No it ain't 'bout where you stay, it's bout the motherland
[x2]

[Verse 4]

It's like tank top, flip flop
Knotty dread lock, fuck a cop, hip hop
Make your head bop
Bounce to this, socialist movement
My environment made me the nigga I am
Uncle Sam came and got me and arrested my fam
Try to infiltrate and murder off the best of my clan
I'm not American, punk, Democrat, or Republican
Remember that, most of the cats we know, be hustlin
My momma work, all her life and still strugglin
I blame it on the government and say it on the radio
(What) and if you don't already know
All these Uncle Tom ass kissin niggas got to go

Dead Prez Lyrics

"They Schools"

Why haven't you learned anything?

Man that school shit is a joke
The same people who control the school system control
The prison system, and the whole social system
Ever since slavery, nawsayin?

[Verse 1]

I went to school with some redneck crackers
Right around the time 3rd Bass dropped the cactus album
But I was readin Malcolm
I changed my name in '89 cleaning parts of my brain
Like a baby nine
I took a history class serious
Front row, every day of the week, 3rd period
Fuckin with the teachers had, callin em racist
I tried to show them crackers some light, they couldn't face it
I got my diploma from a school called Rickers
Full of, teenage mothers, and drug dealin niggas
In the hallways, the popo was always present
Searchin through niggas possessions
Lookin for, dope and weapons, get your lessons
That's why my moms kept stressin
I tried to pay attention but they classes wasn't interestin
They seemed to only glorify the Europeans
Claimin Africans were only three-fifths a human being

[HOOK:]

They schools can't teach us shit
My people need freedom, we tryin to get all we can get
All my high school teachers can suck my dick
Tellin me white man lies straight bullshit *[echoes]*
They schools ain't teachin us, what we need to know to survive
(Say what, say what)
They schools don't educate, all they teach the people is lies

You see dog, you see how quick these motherfuckers be to like
Be tellin niggas get a diploma so you can get a job
Knowwhatimsayin but they don't never tell you how the job
Gonna exploit you every time knowwhatimsayin that's why I be like
Fuck they schools!

[Verse 2]

School is like a 12 step brainwash camp
They make you think if you drop out you ain't got a chance
To advance in life, they try to make you pull your pants up
Students fight the teachers and get took away in handcuffs

And if that wasn't enough, then they expel y'all
Your peoples understand it but to them, you a failure
Observation and participation, my favorite teachers
When they beat us in the head with them books, it don't reach us
Whether you breakdance or rock suede addidas
Or be in the bathroom with your clique, smokin reefer
Then you know they math class aint important 'less you addin up cash
In multiples, unemployment aint rewardin
They may as well teach us extortion
You either get paid or locked up, the principal is like a warden
In a four year sentence, mad niggas never finish
But that doesn't mean I couldn't be a doctor or a dentist

[HOOK: first part of hook twice]

Cuz for real, a mind is a terrible thing to waste
And all y'all high class niggas with y'all nose up
Cuz we droppin this shit on this joint, fuck y'all
We gon speak for ourselves
Knowhatimsayin? Cuz see the schools aint teachin us nothin
They aint teachin us nothin but how to be slaves and hardworkers
For white people to build up they shit
Make they businesses successful while it's exploitin us
Knowhatimsayin? And they aint teachin us nothin related to
Solv'n our own problems, knowhatimsayin?
Aint teachin us how to get crack out the ghetto
They aint teachin us how to stop the police from murdering us
And brutalizing us, they aint teachin us how to get our rent paid
Knowhatimsayin? They aint teachin our families how to interact
Better with each other, knowhatimsayin? They just teachin us
How to build they shit up, knowhatimsayin? That's why my niggas
Got a problem with this shit, that's why niggas be droppin out that
Shit cuz it don't relate, you go to school the fuckin police
Searchin you you walkin in your shit like this a military compound
Knowhatimsayin? So school don't even relate to us
Until we have some shit where we control the fuckin school system
Where we reflect how we gon solve our own problems
Them niggas aint gon relate to school, shit that just how it is
Knowhatimsayin? And I love education, knowhatimsayin?
But if education aint elevatin me, then you knowhatimsayin it aint
Takin me where I need to go on some bullshit, then fuck education
Knowhatimsayin? At least they shit, matter of fact my nigga
this whole school system can suck my dick, BEEYOTCH!!

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Hip-Hop"

[Intro]

Uh, Uh, Uh, 1, 2, 1, 2
Uh, Uh, 1, 2, 1, 2, uh, uh
All my dogs

[Hook]

It's bigger than hip hop, hip hop, hip hop, hip
It's bigger than hip hop, hip hop, hip hop, hip hop

[Verse 1]

Uh, one thing 'bout music, when it hit you feel no pain
white folks says it controls your brain
I know better than that, that's game and we ready for that
Two soldiers head of the pack, matter of fact who got the gat?
And where my army at?
Rather attack and not react
Back the beats, it don't reflect on how many records get sold
On sex, drugs, and rock and roll, whether your project's put on hold
In the real world, these just people with ideas
They just like me and you when the smoke and camera disappear
Again the real world (world), it's bigger than all these fake ass records
When poor folks got the millions and my woman's disrespected
If you check 1,2, my word of advice to you is just relax
Just do what you got to do, if that don't work then kick the facts
If you a fighter, rider, ?bout'er?, flame ignitor, crowd exciter
Or you wanna just get high, then just say it
But then if you a liar-liar, pants on fire, wolf-cry agent with a wire
I'm gonna know it when I play it

[Hook]

[Verse 2]

Uh, who shot Biggie Smalls?
If we don't get them, they gonna get us all
I'm down for runnin' up on them crackers in they city hall
We ride for y'all, all my dogs stay real
Nigga don't think these record deals gonna feed your seeds
And pay your bills because they not
MC's get a little bit of love and think they hot
Talkin' bout how much money they got, all y'all records sound the same
I sick of that fake thug, R & B, rap scenario all day on the radio
Same scenes in the video, monotonous material, y'all don't here me though
These record labels slang our tapes like dope
You can be next in line, and signed, and still be writing rhymes and broke
You would rather have a Lexus, some justice, a dream or some substance?
A Beamer, a necklace or freedom?
Still a nigga like me don't playa' hate, I just stay awake

This real hip hop, and it don't stop until we get the po-po off the block
They call it....

[Hook]

Uh, DP's got that crazy shit we keep it crunk up
John Blaze'd and shit what

[repeat]

Fake, fake, fake records

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Police State"

[Sample of Chairman Omali Yeshitela:]

You have the emergence in human society
of this thing that's called the State
What is the State? The State is this organized bureaucracy
It is the po-lice department. It is the Army, the Navy
It is the prison system, the courts, and what have you
This is the State -- it is a repressive organization
But the state -- and gee, well, you know,
you've got to have the police, cause..
if there were no police, look at what you'd be doing to yourselves!
You'd be killing each other if there were no police!
But the reality is..
the police become necessary in human society
only at that junction in human society
where it is split between those who have and those who ain't got

[Dead Prez]

I throw a Molotov cocktail at the precinct, you know how we think
Organize the hood under I Ching banners
Red, Black and Green instead of gang bandanas
F.B.I. spyin on us through the radio antennas
And them hidden cameras in the streetlight watchin society
With no respect for the people's right to privacy
I'll take a slug for the cause like Huey P.
while all you fake niggaz {UNNNGH} try to copy Master P
I want to be free to live, able to have what I need to live
Bring the power back to the street, where the people live
We sick of workin for crumbs and fillin up the prisons
Dyin over money and relyin on religion for help
We do for self like ants in a colony
Organize the wealth into a socialist economy
A way of life based off the common need
And all my comrades is ready, we just spreadin the seed

[Chorus: Dead Prez]

The average Black male
Live a third of his life in a jail cell
Cause the world is controlled by the white male
And the people don't never get justice
And the women don't never get respected
And the problems don't never get solved
And the jobs don't never pay enough
So the rent always be late; can you relate?
We livin in a police state

[Dead Prez]

No more bondage, no more political monsters

No more secret space launchers
Government departments started it in the projects
Material objects, thousands up in the closets
Could've been invested in a future for my comrades
Battle contacts, primitive weapons out in combat
Many never come back
Pretty niggaz be runnin with gats
Rather get shot in they back than fire back
We tired of that - corporations hirin blacks
Denyin the facts, exploitin us all over the map
That's why I write the shit I write in my raps
It's documented, I meant it
Every day of the week, I live in it; breathin it
It's more than just fuckin believin it
I'm holdin them ones, rollin up my sleeves an' shit
It's cee-lo for push-ups now, many headed for one conclusion
Niggaz ain't ready for revolution

[Chorus: Dead Prez]

[police siren wails]

[speaker unknown]

I am.. a revolutionary
and you're gonna have to keep on sayin that
You're gonna have to say that I am a proletariat
I am the people, I'm not the pig

[another speaker]

Guiliani you are full of shit!
And anybody that's down with you!
You could man-make things better for us
and you cuttin the welfare
Knowin damn well when you cut the welfare,
a person gon' do crime..

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Behind Enemy Lines"

[conversations in a prison facility]

[Verse 1]

Yo, little Khadejah pops is locked, he wanna pop the lock
But prison ain't nothin but a private stock
And she be dreamin 'bout his date of release
She hate the police
But loved by her grandma who hugs and kisses her
Her father's a political prisoner, free Fred
Son of a Panther that the government shot dead
Back in 12-4-1969
4 o'clock in the mornin, it's terrible but it's fine
Cuz Fred Hampton jr., looks just like him
Walks just like him, talks just like him
And it might be frightenin, the feds and the snitches
See him organize the gang, brothers and sisters
So he had to be framed yo, you know how the game go
18 years because the 5-0 said so
They said he set a fire to a Arab store
But he ignited the minds of the young black and poor

[HOOK:]

Behind enemy lines, my niggas is cellmates
Most of the youth never escape the jail fate
Super maximum camps will advance they game plan
To keep us in the hands of the man locked up

(Hello?)

Collect call from Ness

(Where are you?)

Yo shit is crazy boo, I miss you

(Have you been alright?)

Yo, can you put some money in my commissary?

[Verse 2]

Little Kenny been smokin lucy since he was 12
Now he 25 locked up wit a L
They call him triple K, cuz he killed 3 niggas
Another ghetto child got turned into a killa
His pops was a Vietnam veteran on heroin
Used like a pawn by these white North Americans
Mama couldn't handle the stress so went crazy
Grandmama had to raise the baby
Just a young boy, born to a life of poverty
Hustlin, robbery, whatever brung the paper home
Carried the chrome like a blind man hold a cane
Tattoos all over his chest so you could know his name

But y'all know how the game go
Deez kicked in the front door and guess who they came for
A young nigga headed for the pen, coulda been, shoulda been
Never see the hood again

[HOOK x2]

[Spanish speak]

You aint gotta be locked up to be in prison
Look how we livin
30,000 niggas a day, up in the bing, standin routine
They put is in a box just like our life on the block
Behind enemy lines

[Repeat]

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Assassination"

Our people are poor, and you know damn
well nobody wants to be poor
This play is gonna show how the pigs
react when the people start
To take community, control over what
belongs to them
And liberate it back *[echoes]*

Sometimes I just don't care

[Verse 1]

Murderation, modern hanging education
Price of your life is goin up it ain't inflation
Incrimination, they got my picture at the station
Elimination, state to state we eatin by this nation
Them belly full, my trigger finger got pulled
To cut the bull shots'll warm your flesh like wool
These tools for survival make fools out of rivals
Fuck the Bible, get on your knees and praise my rifle
Your life is done there aint another place to run
Eat your own gun, scared because my people never known fun

[Verse 2]

Cops drive down the streets and blow my friends away
I try to smoke enough lah to take my sins away
This E&J be freein us in it's own special way son
We live for the day, the only way dunn
The violence in me, reflect the violence that surround me
[?] Mr. Charley keep his eye on me
To figure my head, but them ass kissin niggas is dead
We learn the chokeholds with fishermen's thread
I read The Art of Sun-Tzu in a couple of fuckin days
Used to practice Kung-Fu with this nigga that's like, double my age
And you can put this on the government's grave
Somebody payin for the way we have to suffer and slave
Assassination, word up

I hope they get the assassins, I hope
that something is done to them
Problem is they're killing them, it
reminds me of something like what
Happened to Lincoln

You ain't even safe wit a full clip
I swear on the president's grave
I'm sick of livin in this bullshit
We down to take it to the full length

Meet us up on Capitol Hill, and we can
get up in some real shit
[repeat]

Assassination, *[gunshot]* yeah

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Mind Sex"

[Chorus]

It's time for some mind sex, we ain't got to take our clothes off yet
We can burn the incense, and just chat
Relax, I got the good vibrations
Before we make love let's have a good conversation

[Verse 1]

Pardon me love but you seem like my type
What you doin tonight? you should stop by the site
We could, roll some weed play some records and talk
I got a fly spot downtown Brooklyn, New York
Now I know you think I wanna fuck, no doubt
but tonight we'll try a different route, how bout we start
With a salad, a fresh bed of lettuce with croutons
Later we can play a game of chess on the futon
See i ain't got to get in your blouse
It's your eye contact, that be getting me aroused
When you show me your mind, it make me wanna show you mines
Reflecting my light, when it shines, just takin our time
Before the night's through, we could get physical too
I ain't tryin to say I don't wanna fuck, cause I do
But for me boo, makin love is just as much mental
I like to know what I'm gettin into

[Chorus]

We could have mind sex, we ain't got to take our clothes off yet
We can burn the incense, and just chat
Relax, I got the good vibrations
Before we make love let's have a good conversation

It's time for some mind sex, we ain't got to take our clothes off yet
We can burn the incense, and just chat
Relax, I got the good vibrations
Before we make love let's have a good conversation
Time for some mind sex...

[singing:] before we make love

Yeah, what you know about mind sex?

[singing:] before we make love

[Verse 2]

African princess, tell me yo' interests
Wait, let me guess boo, you probably like poetry
Here's a little something I jotted down in case I spotted you around
So let me take this opportunity

Would you share a moment with me, over herbal tea?
Take a walk verbally, make a bond certainly
Cuz in my hand I bet your hand fit perfectly
And it's like we floatin out in space when you flirtin wit me
C'mon, a little foreplay don't hurt (hmmm)
Imagine my chest under this shirt, your ass under your skirt
It's like walking the hot sands and finding an oasis
Opposites attract that's the basis
Our sex is the wind that seperates the yin from the yang
The balance that means complete change, our aim
Is to touch you in a delicate spot
And once we get it started I ain't trying to stop

[Chorus]

But first we have mind sex, we ain't got to take our clothes off yet
We can burn the incense, and just chat
Relax, I got the good vibrations
Before we make love let's have a good conversation

It's time for some mind sex, we ain't got to take our clothes off yet
We can burn the incense, and just chat
Relax, I got the good vibrations
Before we make love let's have a good conversation
Mind sex...

[Spoken]

She smiles, I smile
She walks, no she glides softly by me changing night into day
She opens her mouth to speak, and so sounds ring in my head
She speaks, and i want to dance to her rhythm
She moves ever so gently, increasing my desires,
As i place my arms around her waist,
Hold and squeeze unto me,
I want to melt into her body, and discover the base of her warmth
Her beautiful black body that, no human mind could ever conceive
She's love
She's truth
She's real, as real as the stars that shine in the heavens
As real as the sun that bathes her body,
As real as the moon that glows and the birds that sing and the rose
That blossoms in spring for she is that rose
And not just any rose,
But a black rose,
Black rose stands tall and stronger than any other plant
A black rose, that stands as creator, of nations of
Black rose
That never loses her petals, and blossoms all year round
Black rose,
Sweet rose,
Thornless rose
Eternal rose
Please look my way,
Please look my way

Please look my way

Black rose

Dead Prez Lyrics

"We Want Freedom"

I was born black, I live black,
and I'ma die probably because I'm black
because some cracker that knows I'm black
better than you nigga, is probably gonna put
a bullet in the back of my head!!

Yeah our lives fucked up, no doubt
All this shit we go through every day
Sometimes a nigga don't know what the fuck to do
But see I got my niggas
And we gon organize a people army
And we gon get control over our own lives
And I mean that shit right there from the bottom of my shit
I Ching

[Verse 1]

Yeah, yeah
Imagine havin no runnin water to drink
Chemicals contaminate the pipes leadin to your sink
Just think, if the grocery stores close they doors
And they saturate the streets with tanks and start martial law
Would you be ready for civil war
Could you take the life of somebody you know,
or have feelings for if necessary?
I got cousins in the military
But far as I'm concerned they died, when they registered

[Verse 2]

Yo, this world is oh so cold, I think about my ancestors
Being sold, and it make me wanna break the mold
Fuck the gold and the party, train yourself, clean your shottie
Tell me what you gon do to get free, we need more than MC's
We need Hueys, and revolutionaries
The niggas on the streets today, it's kinda scary
The smell around my way ain't roses or strawberries
In fact it's kinda poisonous, bringin out the boy in us
But I'ma stand up on my own, like a man do
Dominate the land and make wealth, like Fu-Manchu
Yes the peoples army stick together like glue
We represent the I-Ching, and to this we stand true
Military formation, anyone participation is welcome
Each one teach one, son help son
Just one gun is all it take to get it started
Livin in the wilderness of the west we cold hearted

[HOOK x2:]

If you don't think it could happen think again my son

Be prepared for the worst that's yet to come
We want freedom, prophecies and ancient wisdom
Cataclysm, niggas be like fuck the system

I don't wanna be no movie star
I don't wanna drive no fancy car
I just wanna be free, to live my life, to live my own life

[Verse 3]

Yeah, I'm for peace
But I'll kill ya if ya fuck with my moms or my niece
See we all want peace, but the problem is
Crackers want a bigger piece
Got it where the niggas can't get a piece
That's why police get stabbed and shot
Cuz a nigga can't eat if the ave is hot
Locked up you get three hot meals and one cot
Then you sit and rot, never even got a fair shot
That's where a whole lotta niggas end up
My man moms even got sent up, tryin to keep the rent up
When I'm bent up I think alot about the reason I'm here
I think about the things I fear in the comin years
Ahead of me, I'm ready for whatever they bring though
I'd go against a tank wit a shank for my dreams
And that's my fuckin word
One day the whole world will smoke herb
And niggas won't get took to jail for hangin on the curb

[HOOK x2]

[next part of hook]

[HOOK]

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Be Healthy"

It's all love . . .

I don't eat no meat, no dairy, no sweets
only ripe vegetables, fresh fruit and whole wheat
I'm from the old school, my household smell like soul food, bro
curried falafel, barbecued tofu
no fish though, no candy bars, no cigarettes
only ganja and fresh-squeezed juice from oranges
exercising daily to stay healthy
and I rarely drink water out the tap, cause it's filthy

Lentil soup is mental fruit
and ginger root is good for the yout'
Fresh veg-e-table with the ital stew
sweet yam fries with the green calaloo
careful how you season and prepare your foods
cause you don't wanna lose vitamins and miner-ules
and that's the jewel
life brings life, it's valuable, so I eat what comes
from the ground, it's natural
let your food be your medicine (uh huh)
no Excederin (uh uh)
strictly herb, generate in the sun, cause I got melanin
and drink water, eight glasses a day
cause that's what they say

They say you are what you eat, so I strive to be healthy
my goal in life is not to be rich or wealthy
cause true wealth comes from good health, and wise ways
we got to start taking better care of ourselves

They say you are what you eat, so I strive to be healthy
my goal in life is not to be rich or wealthy
cause true wealth comes from good health, and wise ways
we got to start taking better care of ourselves, be
healthy y'all . . .

Yeah, yeah, yeah, hold the fuck up, yo
we'll take this little intermission, listen what the
fuck we gotta say, y'know?
Word is bond son, niggaz been livin fat for too long, knowamsayin?
Smokin bogeys, fuckin drinkin all types of shit
wailin out, not givin a fuck what they puttin in they
bodies, son, knowamsayin?
æ...out time niggaz start thinkin about that shit, son, knowamsayin?
That shit is fuckin, makin us deteriorate, son
word up, we gotta care bout our little babies an shit, son

niggaz got kids to raise, straight up
ya gotta start learnin yo self, learning bout ya health, son
learnin this world we live in, kid, knowamsayin?
It's time to start changin all that shit god, word up
so I'm gonna leave y'all niggaz on some shit like that, ya knowamean?
Word up, y'all niggaz better start usin y'all minds an
shit, kid
Peace

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Discipline"

- Peace,
- Who dis?
- Yo, this Deedon Nigga, whats the deal Rob?
- Peace, whats the deal you knowwhatl mean?
- Yo these niggaz having this be Healthy shit today son (Yeah) you know how that shit is going down (Word) its gonna be mad trees (Damn), mad snaz (Man) ya mean you know how we gon do.
- Yeah son I can't even fuck wit it man nah mean I got mad shit to do son
- Yo son stop playing (Come on)
- Man I wish I could fuck wit you man. (Do that shit tomorrow or something)
- Yeah I wish I can go man but I got mad shit to do, this shit comes first you know? You know how it is man
- Yeah I hear you man, you know I'm gonna hold it down and represent for you man P.e.o.p.l.e
- Call me baby, one love
- Yeah Peace

Discipline makes things easier, organize your life
Discipline makes things easier, organize your life
Uh um, uh um, its gonna be alright
Uh um, uh um, its gonna be fine
Uh um, uh um, its gonna be alright
Uh um, uh um, its gonna be fine

Discipline, discipline (practice makes perfect)
Discipline, discipline (Health is wealth)
Discipline, discipline (All things in moderation, plan your work work your plan)

Discipline *[repeats until end of song fading out]*

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Psychology"

[Intro:]

"I was born, in a dump
My mama died and my father got drunk
They left me, to die or grow
In the middle of Tobacco Road
I grew up in a rusty shack
All i owned was hangin on my back
And Lord knows, how I learnt
This place called Tobacco Road
Tobacco Road, you're dirty and you're filthy
Tobacco Road, gonna get me some dynamite and a crane
I'm gonna blow it up, Lord knows gonna start all over again"

"My mind is the place where I make my plans
The world is the place where I take my stand
The beauty of life is mine today
They cannot take my mind away"

[M1]

Fuck what you heard, I'm from Africa
This ain't no act it's mathematical
Past the black radical
I choose the M1, because it's practical
Nothin was changed, we ain't protected
No names, it's all factual
They push the wrong buttons, count down to detonate
Brooklyn blown away and the world will have to speculate
This is what we learn in the streets, fuck a degree
Believe in none of what you hear and half of what you see

[Stic]

It's like watching your own father smoke crack
I have nightmares on shit like that
No way in hell I'll ever get like that
I seen a lot of shit in twenty-two years
It's like a tour of duty
My life is booby-trapped, it's hard to see the beauty
When your heart is turning ice cold
Cold like your hands exposed to blistering winds
My mother keep her eyes closed, she say she prayin
I listen close to what she sayin
When she speak of Jesus I ignore it
But when it's practical I'm all for it
You got to think like a soldier
I'm training myself to snatch pistols out of holsters
Discipline keep the mind focused
This whole world is a corn field son

Look out for flying locusts

[Chorus x2]

Don't let 'em get in your head, they try to probe you
Figure your thoughts so they can try and control you
And through you, control your whole crew
It's psychology boy, now what the fuck that make you wanna do?

[M1]

You can't walk the streets with no state of mind
Blind to the ways of mankind
And if you know the time, give me a sign
Tell me where we draw the line
I got your back if you got mine
My enemy's enemy is my man
One dreadlock is stronger than one strand while the crackers got the upper hand
My comrades stand on lands stolen
Every tooth a golden opportunity
Who holdin my community hostage?
10% ransom, costing us time we lost and some
This is how the plan runs
Thinkin with a fugitive brain
What we do to live is insane
Holdin the weed, healing my membranes
Just like crack, you know it all boils down
to the dollars-and-cents of it
Niggaz commence to get [?] to sentenced to serve terms
Jumping the fence, the black germ is loose
When will they learn?
Psychology

[Stic]

We piss on walls and smoke reefa in the halls
No respect for their laws
I cut your face with a kitchen knife
In gladiator times, man against machinery
The tree bark fatigues help me blend in with the scenery boy
Life is a series of serious choices
Theories is formed from experience, never mysterious forces
Various courses of life can lead to failure
Too much of anything is a trap
My mind snap
Guerilla warfare for two grand
They say karate means 'empty hands'
So then it's perfect for the poor man...
They say karate means 'empty hands'
So then it's perfect for the poor man

[Chorus x2]

[Bridge]

[M1]

When you think of us think of pyramids and pistols
And glimmering gold teeth that shine like crystals
The mind is like a jewel son
Only a fool wouldn't grasp it
Wisdom is a tool, you get blasted
When you think of us think of pyramids and pistols
And glimmering gold teeth that shine like crystals
The mind is like a jewel son
Only a fool wouldn't grasp it
Wisdom is a tool, you get blasted

"Free your mind, and the rest will follow
Seize the time, no-one is promised tomorrow"

[Repeat until fade]

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Happiness"

[Verse 1:]

Yo, it's a beautiful day, and everybody's feelin' wonderful
The ladies is out, lookin' fly, dressed comfortable
I love to wake up, and feel the breeze through my window
Slip on a fatigues, grab a dutch and roll some indo
It be days like these, that make life so much easier
Fish thawin' out, Guinness Stout in the freezer
Walk the block at my leisure (my leisure)
Summertime is like a anesthesia
So many pretty things to please ya
The greenery
Beautiful birds, natural scenery
Or even just a infinite sky
We be forever puffin' lah
On the block, or tellin' jokes in the ride (ha ha ha)
When the weather be hot, everybody be outside (whut)
Havin' fun (aight?), eatin' fresh fruits and vegetables
And good food put me in the mood for a festival
Some say the summer make a woman more sexual (s'up, boo)
It's instinct -- that's why my game be right on schedule
I put the great Mother Nature on a pedestal
She always fly, but today, she's exceptional
If I had a chance to make a wish
Every day would be just like this, full of Happiness

[Chorus:]

I feel great
Even though we got mad things to deal with
Happiness is all in the mind
Let's unwind, and find a reason to smile
I'm just glad to be livin'
Feelin' fine
Leavin' my bad times behind

Feels great
And no, we can't escape from the realness
Happiness is all in the mind
Let's unwind, and find a reason to smile
I'm just glad to be alive
Feelin' fine
Livin' life one day at a time
Feelin' great

Yeah, know'msayin'?
I just wanna give a shout out
To everybody who got a birthday today
Happiness (Happiness)

[Verse 2]

Have you ever heard the children play?
Sometime, I feel the same way, roll up a j, and get away
Put some food on the grill
And just chill
Maybe build with my elders (uh)
Never know the things they could tell ya
Learnin' why the caged bird sings (why it do that?)
'Cuz it's the vital things you know that separate the men from the Kings
The flowers that bloom and the Sun (uh)
And everybody singin' the tune, 'cuz it's time to have fun
We out, rollerbladin' (uh, uh), a day where no one coulda stayed inside
Wash the car, now it's time to take a ride
Me and my crew hangin' out, all night to sunrise
Celebration of life, 'cuz every day is a surprise
Think of the rich countryside on the land of Jamaica
Mountains, springs and green acres
Or any other place in the world your mind takes you
It's the good times in life that everybody can relate to (uh)
And you can leave your troubles behind
And have a wonderful time
Lay back and just ease your mind (whut)
You can leave your troubles behind
And have a wonderful time
Lay back and just ease your mind

[Chorus]

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Animal In Man"

[Two Guys Talking]

[Guy 1]

Help me!

[Guy 2]

You want me to help you?

Man is evil, capable of nothing but destruction

[Narrator]

Once upon a time

There was a very serious situation growing

There was a farmer and a farmyard filled with animals

And this is the story of their times

[Verse 1]

Old man Sammy had a farm

Walked the land with the wife

Most of the time shit was calm

His whole life was maintained off the everyday labor

from the mules in the field to the cattle in the stable

This is how we kept food on this table (maxing)

You would have he was disabled by the way he be relaxing

Acting like Mr. Magnificent

But the animals were thinking something different

The sentiment was tension in the barnyard

Throughout the years they had been through mad drama

with the farmer, word is bond

And they all came to one conclusion

They argued there was no way they'd ever be free

If it was up to humans

Therefore the only course left was revolution which was understandable

And since the pigs promised to lead in the interest of all the animals

They planned a full attack

Under the leadership of Hannibal

The fattest pig in the pack

The next morning on the farm

Everything was calm

Just before dawn

But before long

The sun got so hot it made the farm seem electric

Now check it

This is when that shit got hectic

Directed by Hannibal, the animals attacked

Old Sam was in a state of shock

And fell up on his back

And dropped his rifle

Reaching in vain

Each and every creature from the field at his throat

Screaming "Kill, feel the pain."

[Chorus]

This is the animal in man
This is the animal in you
This is the animal in man
Coming true *[x2]*

[Verse 2]

After they ran the farmer off the farm
The pigs went around and called a meeting in the barn
Hannibal spoke for several hours
But when talks about his plans for power
That's when the conversation turned sour
He issued an official ordinance to set
If not a pig from this day forth then you insubordinate
That's when the horses went buckwild
One of them shouted out
"You fraudulent pigs, we know your fucking style!"
Hannibal's face was flushed and pale
All the animals eyes full of disgust and betrayal
He felt the same way Sam felt
They took his tongue out of his mouth
And cut his body up for sale, for real
You better listen while you can
It's a very thin line between animal and man
When Hannibal crossed the line they all took a stand
What would have done?
Shook his hand?
This is the animal in man

[Chorus x4]

[Narrator]

Remember...

Dead Prez Lyrics

"It's Bigger Than Hip-Hop"

[radio tuning]

It's still bigger than hip hop hip hop hip hop hip
It's bigger than hip hop hip hop hip hop hip hop

[Verse 1]

Uhh, uhh, uhh
One thing 'bout music when it's real they get scared
Got us slavin for the welfare
Aint no food, clothes, or healthcare
I'm down for guerilla warfare
All my niggas put your guns in the air if you really don't care
Skunk in the air, make a nigga wanna buck in the air
for my brother locked up in the jump for a year
Shit is real out here don't believe these videos
This fake ass industry gotta pay to get a song on the radio
Really though, DP'z gon' let you know
It's just a game of pimps and hoes
And it's all 'bout who you know
Not who we are, or how we grow
I rap 'bout what I know, what I go through
What I been through, not just for no dough
Even though the rent due, what I'm into aint for no dough
Or just no fame, everything must change, nothin remains the same
Sick of the same ol' thang, it's bigger than "Bling Bling"

[HOOK:]

If I, feel it I feel it, if I don't, I don't
If it aint really real then I probably won't
Rollin with my soldiers, live soldiers, ready to ride
For this real hip hop y'all I'm ready to die
Uhh, hip what hop what hip what hop what hip what hop what hip what
Hop c'mon, c'mon, my soldiers, live soldiers, ready to ride
For this real hip hop y'all I'm ready to die

[Verse 2]

Hip hop means sayin what I want never bite my tongue
Hip hop means teaching the young
If you feelin what I'm feelin then you hearin what I'm sayin
cause these fake fake records just keep on playin
What you sayin huh DP bringin the funk
Let the bassline rattle your trunk, uhhh!
Punk pig wit a badge wanna handcuff me cuz my pants that's tend to sag
Hip hop means throw up your rag, soldier flag
Whether ridin on the bus or you stole a jag
M-1 mean freedom, burn the cash
Revolutionary love til the day we pass

Will they play it on the radio
Maybe not, maybe so we gon keep it pumpin though
Everybody know we headed for the whoa, fo sho

[Verse 3]

Ay dogg that label is that slave ship
Owners got them whips and rappers is slaves
If you really wanna eat you gotta hear the same thing
With the football, b-ball, or if you slangin that dope
Aint never seen no hope, brainwash video shows be foolin my folk
What the hell a brother gon do though, huh
When the rent due, when the lights and the gas gonna get cut off
Drop them raps or cock them gats
Aint never had shit ever since we came to this bitch
Why I gotta feel pain to get rich
'Stead of stackin chips, finna pack them clips

[HOOK x2]

(Ride to this if you miss Tupac, bounce to this if you love Big Poppa)

We keep it crunkah

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Propaganda"

[Intro: news snippets]

"Let me now turn, to our program for the future..."
"The economy right now, is extremely supportive of the president and his policies"
"FBI scientists have found chemical traces, consistent with a bomb or a missile, on a piece of wreckage..."
"Police using clubs and tear gas against demonstrators..."
"They called me a mother -(bleeped out)-ing so-and-so...and a white facist...like they said, 'you're getting some of your own medicine'..."

[Singing:]

Telling lies, to our vision
Telling lies, to our children
Telling lies, to our babies
Only truth, can take us away

[Verse 1:]

You can't fool all the people all of the time
But if you fool the right ones, then the rest will fall behind
Tell me who's got control of your mind? your world view?
Is it the news or the movie you're taking your girl to? (uh)
Know what i'm sayin cause Uncle Sam got a plan
If you examine what they tellin us then you will understand
What they plantin in the seeds of the next generation
Feeding our children miseducation
No one knows if there's UFO's or any life on mars
Or what they do when they up in the stars
Because i don't believe a word of what the president said
He filling our head with lies got us hypnotised
When he be speaking in cold words about crime and poverty
Drugs, welfare, prisons, guns and robbery
It really means us, there's no excuse for the slander
But what's good for the goose, is still good for the gander
See...

[Chorus:]

I don't believe Bob Marley died from cancer
31 years ago i woulda been a panther
They killed Huey cause they knew he had the answer
The views that you see in the news is propaganda

[Singing:]

Telling lies, to our vision
Telling lies, to our children
Telling lies, to our babies
Only truth, can take us away

[Verse 2:]

I don't want no computer chip in my arm
I don't wanna die by a nuclear bomb
I say we all rush the pentagon, pull out guns
And grab the intercom, my first word's will be I believe
Man made God, outta ignorance and fear
If God made man, then why the hell would he put us here?
I thought he's supposed to be the all loving
The same God who let Hitler put the Jews in the oven
We don't fall for the regular shit, they try to feed us
All this half-ass leadership, flippin position
They turn politician and shut the hell up and follow tradition
For your TV screen, is telling lies to your vision
Every channel got some brainwashed cop shit to watch
Running up in niggas cribs claiming that they heard shots
It's a plot, but busta can you tell me who's greedier?
Big corporations, the pigs or the media?
Sign of the times, terrorism on the rise
Commercial airplanes, falling out the sky like flies
Make me wonder what secrets went down with Bob Brown (?)
Who burnt churches to the ground with no evidence found?
It's not coincidence, it's been too many studied incidents
It coulda been the Klan who put that bomb at the Olympics
But it probably was the FBI, deep at the call
Cuz if they make us all panic then they can start martial law

[Chorus:]

I don't believe Bob Marley died from cancer
31 years ago i woulda been a panther
They killed Huey cause they knew he had the answer
The views that you see in the news is propaganda

I don't believe Bob Marley died from cancer
31 years ago i woulda been a panther
You killed Huey cause you knew he had the answer
The views that you see in the news is muthafuckin propaganda

[Singing:]

Police is telling lies fooling millions
What are they teaching our kids in these school buildings?
Televised, enterprised in all the killing
Controlling our lives, this ain't living
No this ain't living

[Chant:]

FBI, CIA
ATF, KKK
IRS, TNT
CBS, NBC

FBI, CIA
ATF, KKK
IRS, TNT

CBS, NBC

[Singing:]

Telling lies, to our vision
Telling lies, to our children
Telling lies, to our babies
Only truth, can take us away

[News snippet:]

"uh, we view each other uh, with uh, a great love and a great understanding and that we try to expand this to the general, uh, black population and also people, oppressed people all over the world, and, i think that uh, we differ from uhmm... uh, some other groups simply because we understand the system better than uh, most uh, groups understand the system, and uh, with this realisation, uh, we attempt to form a strong political base based in the community with the only strength that we have and that's the strength of uh, a potentially destructive force if we don't get freedom."

Dead Prez Lyrics

"The Pistol"

We ain't tryin to hear shit for what? (Cash money)
We whole world operating off a (Cash money)
To all my niggas with a whole lotta (Cash money)
Watch yo' back money

You couldn't neva understand how my mind tick
I'm on some old school crime shit
When niggas sold two's to keep the dimes lit
Ain't no rules when these iron shots are stoned dun
This heat burn through your flesh, stright to the bones
I reach for the buddha cess and zone
I probably have a future of stress, stay depressed and be alone
But as far as the present time its on
I represent mine til I return to the S and said I'm dead and gone
Nobody wanna be broke and you neither
Put me on the co'na, watch me catch a quick case of cream fever
If you be poppin shit my niggas won't believe ya
Probably punch you in the face and take ya wallet when we see ya
But son it gets deeper
I'm runnin with a click thats bein' hunted by the grim reaper
To all my peoples in the man keeper
Let'cha situation be a teacher
Ain't nothin like a education
When I was locked down I learned about patience and dedication
And not to say shit, unless you need a motherfuckin face lift
And as a youth I was a outcast
Runnin around with pellet guns playin war but now it's all about cash

[Chorus:]

I'm caught up, caught up in a mix of shit
And I ain't tryin to hear shit til my got cash to get
Blast you with the pistol
If I have to, in my mind its all about cash in a fistfull
I'm caught up in a mix of shit
And I ain't tryin to hear shit til my got cash to get
Splash you with the pistol
If I have to, in my mind its all about cash in a fistfull

Up late night and upset, and fed up
Niggas comin up wet, I'm dead up
Fuck tryin to your head up
And when it go down, word bond we gotta get up
Too many locked down upstate, son its a set up
My life has sped up, many years I'm straight up
Plenty bears for who ain't here and those who ate up
Test and get sprayed up in the club
We couldn't run it so we take the blade up in the booth

Since we couldn't shoot
We heat it up, losin the shirt, showin the bare chest
I'm blessed, puffin the skunk make me care less
The best that you can do is duck my fuckin crew
If the slugs don't get'cha, lord J'll jig ya
Actin artificial you'll get burnt my the pistol
Before its done, even my guns'll turn to missles
Don't have to blow the whistle on you
'Cuz everybody knows you
Watch yourself around borderline pyschos
Who know my people gotta hold a mint
Or they ain't worth a cent
How can you represent, if you can't pay the rent
And leave a dent in my life time, I'm caught up in trife crime
In fights you neva know what you might find
We stand firm meanwhile cuz niggas that seem wild
Be buckin blanks, if they were men they wouldn't fuck with pranks
I leave them niggas alone and stay home
Unitl it cool down as they remember how my tool sound

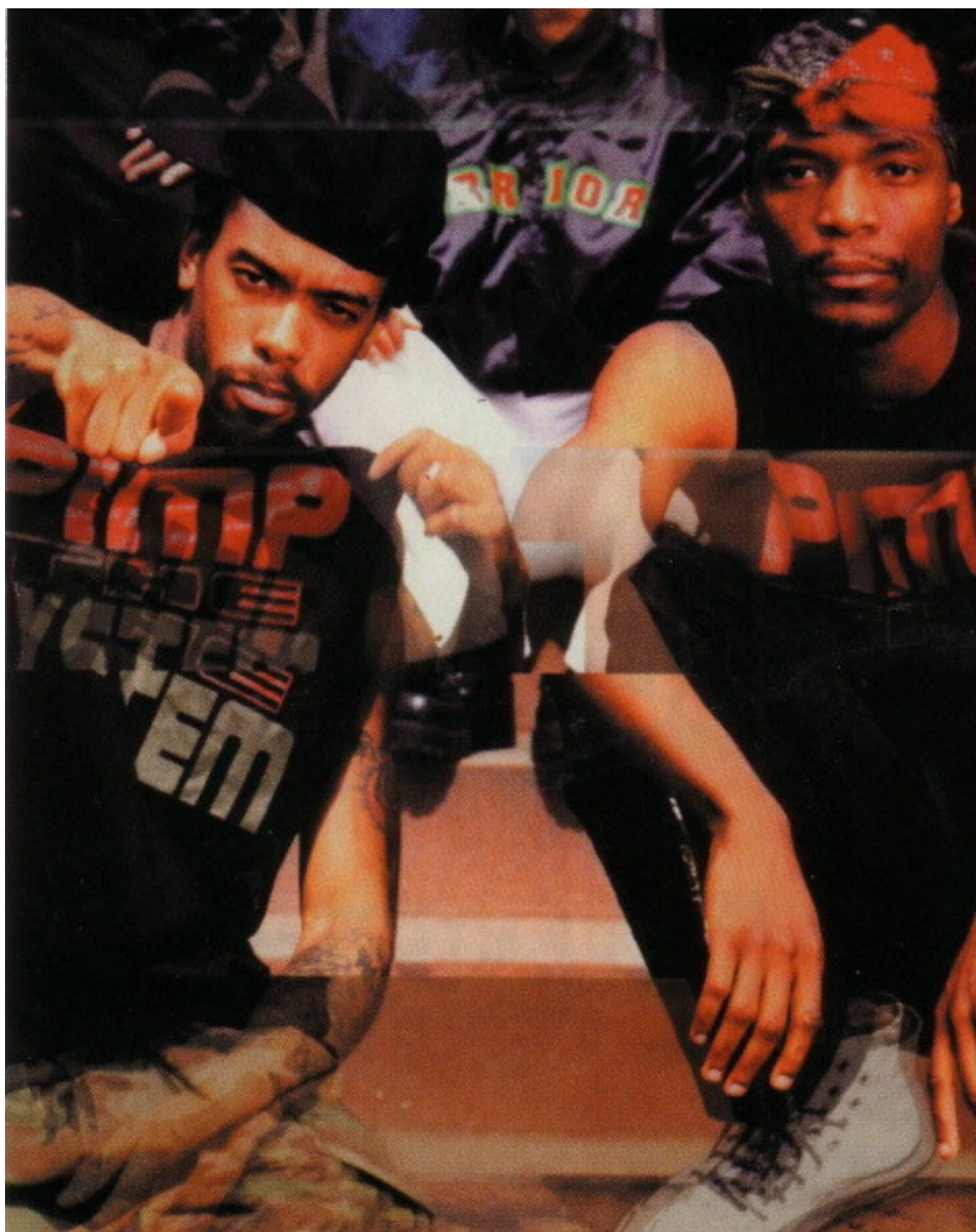
[Chorus]

We ain't tryin to hear shit for what? (Cash money)
We whole world operating off a (Cash money)
To all my niggas with a whole lotta (Cash money)
Watch yo' back money

Yeah, we up on what we dealing with
We ain't no criminals
We got the right to have gats
As long as the army, navy, air force, marines got gats
We gon' hold heat, knamsayin?
'Cuz our army gotta represent for us
Word up
Aiiyyo, Maintain (Yeah)
Set that shit son

Forever keeping my shit cocked for drama
Stainless steal, shit is for real
The way these rats is known to squeal, makin' sour deals
Thugs up in to mix with these drugs, caught up in the humble
Bricks and paper by the bundle how the Bronx humble
??? devils get deaded, never regret it, only known to set it
Stealin existence obviuosly ya jetted
Speak the desest, I see the pyramid and eagle
Back of the dollar bill, ill decitful, we consider leathal
God fallin, niggas be ballin, guzzlin alcoholics
Two drinks, too many is like whitey infulltrating your fortress
This is on, we 'bout to form, best prepare for the storm
Ya'll funny niggas quick to ring the alarm
Bomb fell, now a nation is gel
We had to dwell for four hundred or more
The Lord had the right just livin poor

Resurrectin the true and livin back the power
Devils getiin devoured, niggas heard the god holla



dpz

turn
off
the
radio

the
mixtape
volume 1

PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Turn Off The Radio"

Woohooohooohooohoo...
Crank up yo' speakers!

[Stic.]

To all my (niggaz)
Every hustlin (nigga)
Strugglin (niggaz)
Revolutionary (niggaz)
Gang-bangin (niggaz)
Chain-gangin (niggaz)
Tune yo' frequency...

I refuse to be a stereotype in ya box
Never wanna try to be somethin I'm not
I'm just a nigga from the block, if you got it twist it
Stay blowin on green, if you got it, twist it on up
DP's givin a fuck - R.B.G.'d up in some gangsta chucks
Throw ya fist up homie if ya know what's up
All my comrades puttin in soldier work
We rollin dirty wit it, fully dedicated
So real that the radio'll never play it
But that's cool, the enemy supposed to hate it
Freedom ain't gon' come til we regulate 'em
That's why I'm in the dojo, not just for the video
Really though, we really got beef with the po-po (woop-woop)
Never know when they gon' put you in a chokehold
This is for you new niggaz, holdin for the radio

[Chorus]

Turn off the radio!
Turn off that bullshit! (freak-freak y'all)
Turn off the radio!
Turn off that bullshit! (freak-freak y'all)
Turn off the radio!
Turn off that bullshit! (freak-freak y'all)
Turn off the radio!

[phone rings]

[M-1] People's Radio

[Stic.] Yo hang up, that's the police

[M-1]

What's on the radio, propoganda, mind control
And turnin it on is like puttin on a blindfold
Cuz when you bringin the real you don't get ro-tation
Unless you take over the station
And yeah I know it's part of they plans

To make us think it's all about party and dancin
And yo it might sound good when you spittin your rap
But in reality, don't nobody live like that
You wanna know what kinda nigga I am?
Lemme tell you 'bout the nigga I'm not - I don't fuck with the cops
Platinum don't mean that it gotta be hot
I ain't gotta love it, even if they play it a lot
You can hear it when you walk the streets
How many people they reach, how they use music to teach
A "radio program" ain't a figure of speech
Don't sleep, cuz you could be a radio freak (freak-freak y'all)

[Chorus]

Turn off the radio!
Turn off that bullshit! (freak-freak y'all)
Turn off the radio!
Turn off that bullshit! (freak-freak y'all)
Turn off the radio!

[Stic.] People's Radio, you on the air
[caller] I got a phat chain, I got a phat whip
[caller] I got a... *hang-up*
[Stic.] Nigga get off that bullshit!

[high-pitched voice]

Crank up your speackers, your woofers and your tweeters
Turn up your receivers, we bangin off the meter
Crank up your speackers, your woofers and your tweeters
Turn up your receivers, we bangin for the people
Crank up your speackers, your woofers and your tweeters
Turn up your receivers, we bangin off the meter

[Stic. x2]

Freak-freak y'all, to the beat y'all
DP's dawg, we got the heat dawg
People's Radio, on ya stereo
For the ghettos, and the varrio

[high-pitched voice]

Crank up your speackers, your woofers and your tweeters
Turn up your receivers, we bangin off the meter
Crank up your speackers, your woofers and your tweeters
Turn up your receivers, we bangin for the people

Dead Prez Lyrics

"That's War!"

[M-1: over "Whoa!" beat]

the cops stop you just cause you black THAT'S WAR
run your prints through the system THAT'S WAR
when they call my hood a drug zone THAT'S WAR
slum lords charge me for the rent THAT'S WAR
why they so rich and we poor THAT'S WAR
if you young and black you sell crack THAT'S WAR
the White House is the rock house THAT'S WAR
George Bush coming out his mouth THAT'S
WAR chillen on the corner with your gang THAT'S WAR
popo do the same damn thing THAT SWAR
when they murdered Amado Dialo THAT'S WAR
marching through the streets is a strategy of WAR
knowing self defense is a strategy of WAR
soldiers try to link with other soldiers THAT'S WAR
Revolutionaries gotta know the art of WAR
What about hip hop use that fuck a rap battle what about a gat battle lets
take it to the beast and see which cat tattle
Is it 'Kiss vs. Beans or P vs. Hov'
What about the real niggaz vs. the 5-0
This is M-1, DP, don't you forget
Cause you can talk talk talk but it don't mean shit
I ain't gotta pop your top to see where your brains went
This rap shit is bigger then entertainment
It's the people vs. the pigs when it all boils down
It ain't 'Pac vs. Big it;s whos getting the power
And power ain't money dog its self determination
Like taking Hot and making this the real People's Station
THAT'S WAR

Dead Prez Lyrics

"We Need A Revolution"

I'm tired
I'm tired
I'm tired of struggalin dog.
I'm tired of struggalin dog.

The system ain't gonna change,
unless we make it change.

The white is the rock house,
Uncle Sam is the motha fuckin' pusher man.
What I gotta do to make sure ya understand?
Spinnin' on the beat-box Timbaland,
What I gotta do?
Kidnap a lil'
take a melody?
Make it relevant? Hold a harmony hostage
to these people, army verses,
that's the arms in the churches,
bombs in the purses,
just when you think it's calm on the surface,
we bomb on the first,
Uncle Tom get nervous and reverse.
Revolutionary curse words
First come, first served.
It ain't no loss, though,
Freedom cost blood
that's the word to the mouth bird, nigga.

We need a revolution,
We need a revolution,
The system ain't gonna change unless we make it change.
[x2]

(Black Power) We need a revolution, (Army G's)
We need a revolution, (Army G's)
The system ain't gonna change (Army G's) unless we make it change. (Nigga this that Army G's)
[x2]

Gotta a cure for AIDS and cancer,
wanna know come follow me now?
Diabetes and citracelli and mad cow wanna know how?
I can stop these cops from killin',
I can feed these hungry children,
I can stop racism, a product of cap-it-a-lism.
I can unpack the prisons,
and turn religion back to we livin'
I can stop the bloods from pillin' caps

and the crypts from pillin' back
and get yo' cousin off crack,
I can stop the war,
that's in the black hood,
Send the money right back to the po' fo' sho an'
if you with me nigga, let me know
let's go, if ya really wanna know
(I wanna know.)
(We need a revolution)
Mutha fuck they constitution

Army G's off in this think
they hip to the game,
gettin' off the chains

The system ain't gonna change,
unless we make it change.

You are now listening to WIBG,
the People's radio

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Know Your Enemy"

[stic.man & m1 talking]

[m1:] ugh, know what I mean?

[stic.man:] I can't believe these niggas

[m1:] gon' flip they scurve, these niggas, what?

[stic.man:] mo'fuckin star spangled banner shit

[m1:] yeah, I can't even- yo, fuck that, i'm not fuckin with this shit

i'm not fuckin with none of these niggas

[stic.man:] red, white and blue thugs, now

[m1:] ugh

[stic.man:] that's how it's goin down niggas

[m1:] straight r.b.g.'s (r.b.g.'s), for life, for life

[stic.man:] y'all talk bout the rocks on your watch

[m1:] know that

[stic.man:] y'all niggas don't even know what time it is

[m1:] yeah, ugh, you betta

[chorus:]

[stic.man & m1]

know your enemy, know yourself

that's the politic

george bush is way worse than bin laden is

know your enemy, know yourself

that's the politic

f.b.i., c.i.a., the real terrorists

know your enemy, know yourself

that's the politic

george bush is way worse than bin laden is

know your enemy, know yourself

that's the politic

c.i.a., f.b.i. the real terrorists

[stic.man]

you got to watch what you say in these days and times

It's a touchy situation, lotta fear and emotion

september 11th

televised world-wide

suicide planes fallin like bombs from out the sky

they wasn't aimin at us

not at my house

they hit the world trade, the pentagon, and almost got the white house

now everybody walkin round patriotic

how we gon' fight to keep freedom when we ain't got it?

you wanna stop terrorists?

start with the u.s. imperialists

ain't no track record like america's, see

bin laden was trained by the c.i.a

but I guess if you a terrorist for the u.s
then it's okay
uh huh

[m1]

they try to make us think we crazy
but I know what they doin, they tryna put us back in slavery
check it, to get on welfare you gotta get your fingerprints
soon ya gotta do eyescans to get your benefits
now they got them cards to swipe, ain't no more foodstamps
shoulda seen it comin, now it's too late to get amped
and everything got a barcode
so they know what you got, when you got it, and what you still owe
you seen them projects, lately you better watch it
why they got us surrounded if money is the object?
why they use satellites to keep track of the criminals?
why they puttin jails in schools, is it subliminal?
cameras everywhere to protect us from one another
or is it the undercover, disguised as big brother
and even freedom of speech is limited
mad leaders done spoke up, and look at what these crackas did

[chorus]

[m1]

and you ain't got to believe me
go 'head and listen to bush
the dope pusher on the t.v
what you think the war is for?
cause the greedy wantin more and more
we be hustlin the corridor
I would never join the military
one soldier to another, nigga holla if ya hear me
go in out to the best sons and daughters
don't be a lamb gettin led to the slaughter
I'ma keep ridin when my momma released
cause ain't no stoppin us now, dawg
freedom before peace
ugh
they got a plan for us?
we got a plan for them
and this time we gon' win
who in? you out? you in?
no doubt, we men
ain't no ridin the fence
It's called self-defense
It makes sense
when they tell us we gotta shackles on our brains (say what?)
I'll be damned if I sit here and let them put us back in chains

[singing]

at the bonfires of the city
I've seen blood (*[stic.man:]* a'what?...)

blood ([*stic.man:*] a'what?...)

blood ([*stic.man:*] a'what?...)

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Look Around"

[woman singing]

[stic.man] Beatnuts, dead prez

[woman] What I wanna sayyy

[stic.man and/or m1]

Everytime I look around, I see

So much drama goin down

Everytime I look around, I see

So much fakeness goin down

[stic.man]

Why I'ma- be stingy when I could share?

Why I'ma- be hateful if I could care?

Why would I hate my own?

Or forsake my own?

Why would I- fuck around and get a jake on my chrome?

I wouldn't- have to stick you if we all could eat

It wouldn't be no need for beef

Dyin over streets we don't even own anyway

You could get bucked off anyday

We behind enemy lines

Y'all still writin Hennessy rhymes

While I'm tryna find a good price for a nine

Feel like my life on the line

That's why a nigga be hype all the time

Ready for the revolution at the drop a'a dime

[m1]

I got a duty to have security for my niggas

My duty to serve the beautiful black sistas

A duty to stand wit' anybody that's wit' us

And fully criticize all bullshittas

There should be awards presented- to niggas who fight back

Like Panther jackets, or sistas who light gats

I'm a full-blooded warrior, ready for change

Recognize any soldier that's doin the same

Because I love who I am, and that means everything to me

My life ain't worth a damn unless I'm dealin with reality

When I look myself in the eyes, it's just me

And I don't have to tell nobody no lies, I feel free

And I would rather deal with the truth and falsehood

Than bein fake with my people and claimin 'it's all good'

You can't run away from ya self, so that's useless

If your word is bond, then you don't have to make excuses

Everytime I look around, I see

So much drama goin down

Hold up! *[intro to 'Old School Survival']*

[crowd] Wait a minute!

Let's take it back to the old school

[man talking] Yo, 'memba back in the day?

When sh- everything was all smooth 'n calm

And shit was like- *[other man]* snap? on, nigga

Yo man, I'm doin it, I'm doin it man

I'm sayin like-'memba back in like in '70

Fuckin '79, Nah, nah '87! Tha's my favorite

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Hip-Hop (RBG Mix)"

You are listening to the sounds of the RBGs, Turn Off The Radio, tune your frequency.
This is DPz nigga, Revolutionary But Gangsta, holla back!

Hip-Hop Hip-Hop Hip-Hop
(Come again...break them chains, come on!)
Hip-Hop Hip-Hop Hip-Hop
(Break them chains, come on!)

Who shot 2Pac? If we don't get them they gon get us all
I'm down for runnin up on them crackas in the City Hall
We ride for yall, all my dogs stay real
nigga don't think these record deals gon feed your seeds and pay your bills because they not
Emcees get a little bit a lovin think they hot
Talkin bout how much money they got, nigga all your records sound the same
I'm sick of that fake thug R&B rap scenario all day on the radio
Same scenes in the video, monotonous material, yall don't here me though
These record labels slang our tapes like dope
You can be next in line and signed and still be writing rhymes and broke
You rather have a Lexus? or justice?
a dream or some substance?
a Beamer a necklace or freedom?
See a nigga like me don't play a hate, I just stay awake it's real hip hop
and it don't stop till we get these crackers off out block! (C'mon)

We be DP RBG for life, TURN OFF THE RADIO!
The revolution won't be televised, TURN OFF THAT BULLSHIT!
We be DP RBG for life, TURN OFF THE RADIO!

One thing bout music when it hit you feel no pain
white folks take control of your brain, I know better than that
that's game and we ready for that
Two soldiers head of the pack, matter of fact who got the gat?
And where my army at?
Rather attack and not react
back to beats it don't reflect on how many records get sold
on sex drugs and rock-n-roll
whether your projects' put on hold
In the real world, it's just people with ideas
They just like me and you when the smoke and camera disappear
Again the real world
it's bigger than all these fake-ass records
When po' folks got the millions and my sisters' disrespected
If you "Check 1-2" my word of advise to you is just relax
Just do what you got to do, if that don't work then kick the facts
If you a fighter, ryder, biter, flame-ignitor, crowd-exciter, Or you wanna
jus' get high, then just say it
But then if you a liar-liar, pants on fire, wolf-crier, agent wit' a wire I'm

gon' know it when I play it
It's bigger than..

Hip-Hop Hip-Hop Hip-Hop (We be DP RBG for life) TURN OFF THE RADIO!
Hip-Hop Hip-Hop Hip-Hop (the revolution won't be televised) TURN OFF THAT
BULLSHIT!

Hip-Hop Hip-Hop Hip-Hop (We be DP RBG for life) TURN OFF THE RADIO!
The revolution won't be televised TURN OFF THE RADIO!

My neck...my back...they put a noose on my neck and whips on my back!
My neck...my back...you got a tie around your neck but they breakin your back!
My neck...my back...they put a noose on my neck and whips on my back!
My neck...my back...and if you got BLING on your neck you better watch your back!

Hip-Hop Hip-Hop Hip-Hop..
(nigga it's bigga then) Hip-Hop Hip-Hop Hip-Hop..
(it's still bigga then) Hip-Hop Hip-Hop Hip-Hop..
(nigga it's bigga then) Hip-Hop Hip-Hop Hip-Hop...TURN OFF THE RADIO!

Word up! Eyes open fist clenched. Dare to struggle dare to win
Goin out to all the ryders
RBG love, that's Revolutionary But Gangsta!
Word up! My whole team! [?], D-Don,
Stik Daddy Dolla\$, Maintain hold strong!
Fred Hampton, Jr., we got they eyes on them
We know they got they eyes on you, word up, everybody doin time
Minimum, medium...maximum, super maximum security concentration camps
All the ryders we right there with you!
RBG LOVE! It's goin out like that!
Everybody, push that middle finger up in the air
to George Bush if you know what time it is!
Yeah! Turn off the motherfuckin radio!

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Sellin' D.O.P.E."

Drugs oppress the people every day

sellin dope, servin weed we had to hustle to hustle just to eat

aint no hope in the streets, you broke you sell dope
all my young niggaz outside hustlin coke
know the drama, if you aint sellin crack then its ganja
I been through it dun, hittin niggaz two for one
pullin guns out and bustin my shits too
what? I aint give a fuck
I used to get a rush when i bust mine
backin up my nickle and dimes
goin thru difficult time
writin my life story in rhyme
but when I look at all the niggas
they hit with mad time
in proportion with the big king pins it dont fit
you could get caught with barely a half a slab
and the judge sentence you like you ran the ave
I aint plan to get rich fom sellin that shit
it was survival
my game plan was not to get knocked by 5-0
but who am I
just a young nigga caught in the mix
and if this weed dont sell I'm'a cop me a brick

sellin dope, servin weed, we had to hustle to hustle just to eat
sellin dope, servin weed, we had to hustle to hustle just to eat

its been a minute snce I been in the game
some years back I held crack
I couldn't say the same thing
ask my niggas bang double and rowley
we was trouble got the fiends spot bubbling hot
we wouldnt never make a lot
I mean not like scarface or nino brown
or george bush no matter what you push
it was politics and camera tricks
very deceptive
criminal lies
us in fooled with the collective
for the most part we don't own no boats and planes
we just cop it from poppi
bag it in the cellophane
its a family thing
you got to hustle all night
yo I seen fiends losing they brains for hard white

ask my aunt and my brother and my stressed out mother
how realistic it gets its sadistic
statistics show its sick how we livin
the one thing bigger than dope games is prisons
one million niggas inside
over three million is tied and plus the president lied
because the white house is the rock house
uncle sam the pusha man
this is for my people on the island

sellin dope, servin weed we had to hustle to hustle just to eat
sellin dope, servin weed we had to hustle just to eat

but what we gon do when we caught up
and have to face responsibility?
(this that ghetto shit, this that ghetto shit)

what we gon do when we caught up
and have to face responsibility?
(this that ghetto shit, this that ghetto shit)

out on the block, white tee shirt, army fatigues
niggas hold crack in they mouth watchin for D
sellin dope, you know how it beez
tryin to get that government cheese
and the D's yell freeze

seliin dope, white tee shirt, army fatigues
niggas hold crack in they mouth watchin for D
sellin dope, you know how it beez
tryin to get that government cheese
and the D's yell freeze

tallahasee up in this bitch
my nigga maintain, nimrod
my nigga percent, abu
my brother troy locked up
huey newton rest in peace
south rowley, california
brooklyn, dean street
dead prez 98
get it straight
and all my family and my whole army
get it straight

dead prez/RBG/PEOPLE ARMY PRESENTS ...

turn off the radio
the mixtape vol.2

dead
prez

PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT

GET FREE OR DIE TRYIN'

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Fuck The Law"

(feat. The RBG Family & Stic)

Slap a white boy. Snuff your landlord
Smash some windows. Break the camcord
Rob the corner store. Bomb the precinct
Take the CO. Stab the GT
Pimp the system. Bang for freedom
Fuck the high schools. Burn the prisons
Ride on the record labels. Jump your A&R
Fuck the contract. Push the AR
Get your bank up. Slip the banks up
Break the handcuffs. Invade the campus
Steal some pampers. Smash the cameras
Fuck the police. Grab the camera

You wonder why we feel like fuck the law
You wonder why we write up on the wall
You wonder why we burn the cities down
Cuz we don't give a fuck, the time is now
You wonder why we feel like fuck the law
You wonder why we write up on the wall
You wonder why we burn the cities down
Cuz we don't give a fuck, the time is now

Cock your rifle. Rep your people
Fuck probation. Kidnap your PO
Run the roadblocks. Smash a TV
Fuck with DP. Steal the CD
Kiss my black ass. Nail the judges
Hang the lawyers. Ride for justice
Keep it gangsta. Kill the snitches
Get rid of the middleman. Control your business

You wonder why we feel like fuck the law
You wonder why we write up on the wall
You wonder why we burn the cities down
Cuz we don't give a fuck, the time is now
You wonder why we feel like fuck the law
You wonder why we write up on the wall
You wonder why we burn the cities down
Cuz we don't give a fuck, the time is now

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Tallahassee Days"

(feat. Stic)

1993
Southside
Orange Ave
Southcity
Tallahassee Florida
I'm take ya'll back to the yellow mustang with no license
With that 38 under the seat

What you know?
Yo
Whoever said life is beautiful lied
This shit is hell
I've seen too many funerals
Too many of my niggas locked in cells
Nobody ever put me on life was like this
I'm 20 years old and my whole life's a crisis
No way out
And I mean that
When I say that
Runnin' round from place to place
Like a stray cat
I don't own nothing, don't hold nothing
I'm growin up with nothing to show for all my hustlin'
Still strugglin'
And a job is a joke
They ain't hirin'
The only free ride I get is one with a siren
So what other choice do I have?
I got niggas on the ave
Pushin slabs that a break me off a Porche and a half
So I can stand on my own two
Be able to have what I need
So I can do what I want to
I wish I woulda had a career
Cause through the years my momma stressed
Takin care of self
But I ain't here
I was caught up
Sipin on Coors
Smokin Newports
Short
In and out of court
Without a single thought
These days I'm out bout to Loc
Whether I make a record or serve dope
I refuse to keep bein broke

Cause times are getting rougher by the second
As long as I come up
Who give a fuck about the method
It's a kill or be killed kind of a theory that's in me
So when I die, at least I'm taking somebody with me
If I'm wrong, than I rather be wrong than right
45 calibre chrome and its on tonight
Nigga
That's how I'm livin
Low life, runin licks
Taking big risks
Tryin to get my motherfuckin flow right
Cause without loot it's useless
My life as a youth was fruitless
That's why nowadays I'm ruthless
Plus I got a lady in my life
That one day just may be my wife
If I can deal with this crazy strife
I put love in the air
Show that I care for her
Let her know I always be there for her
But right now the type of life I live
Can't afford no wife and kid
I gotta fight for my right to live
So I cock my hat low
Snatchin up pocket books and float
Cause I'm a thug and that's all I know
Whatever it take to make the steps
I'm ready to take the steps
Whoever got paps better break theyself

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Scared To Die"

I ain't scared to die, I ain't got shit to lose
Plus I ain't happy here livin' on a planet full of fools
I ain't scared to die, I ain't got shit to lose
Plus I ain't happy here, no, I ain't happy of your family

I ain't scared to die, even though I wanna live
Deep down inside I'm a cross between homicidal, suicidal
'Coz I was born to give my life like the Messiah
Smokin' weed till I can't get no high, tryin' to ease the tension

Heavenly Father, did I mentioned in my confession
The world got me stressin', maybe death will be a blessin'?
[Incomprehensible] grew up learnin' lessons in the street
From seminary to 72nd in Lacey in the east

Side of Oakland, California I was on my own at a early age
That's why I'm filled with rage
I know the system is responsible
For the conditions of my black folks in the ghetto

All across America, their funk is deeper
I put the message in the music to wake you up out your sleep but
How could I keep my head above the water
When the force of the current is pullin' me harder than I can swim?
Sometimes I feel like I oughta die the death of a martyr
Before they kill me, I'ma slaughter [?]

I ain't scared to die, I ain't got shit to lose
Plus I ain't happy here livin' on a planet full of fools
I ain't scared to die, I ain't got shit to lose
Plus I ain't happy here, no, I ain't happy of your family

I ain't scared to die, I ain't got shit to lose
Plus I ain't happy here livin' on a planet full of fools
I ain't scared to die, I ain't scared to kill
I'm a righteous black gorilla from the hill of 72nd in Lacey St

To all my comrades in the pen, wait for me
I swear to God, I'ma set you free
Even if I gotta lay it down in the dirt and if I'm lyin' I'm dyin'
If I'm dyin' atleast I died puttin' in work
And if there's Hell below, we all gon' go
Death can't hurt unless we die slow

Sometimes I look up in the mirror starin' deep into my own eye
Searchin' for the strength to carry on
Wonderin' if I died a physical death

Will my people remember me when I'm gone?

The ghetto is a warzone, 7200 is my head code
'Coz when the funk is on I pop the clip up in my chrome millimeter
The Grim Reaper, keep my heater in my shoulder
[?] soldiers at the hideout

Righteous black gorillaz 'bout to ride out, to put the smash down
Run up in the bank, yellin', ?We want the cash now?
To finance a revolutionary struggles all around
Lay it down on the ground

And if I hear the sound of a siren
I won't hesitate to get the firin' on everybody in the buildin'
Killin', I'm a villain because I'm black
Put your hands up to the ceilin', keep on fillin' up the sack

I ain't scared to die, I ain't got shit to lose
Plus I ain't happy here livin' on a planet full of fools
I ain't scared to die, I ain't got shit to lose
Plus I ain't happy here, no, I ain't happy of your family

I ain't scared to die, I ain't got shit to lose
Plus I ain't happy here livin' on a planet full of fools
I ain't scared to die, I ain't got shit to lose
Plus I ain't happy here, no, I ain't happy of your family

Dead Prez Lyrics

"When Mama Cries"

(feat. Stic, Jamila, Umi & M1)

Why do babies cry?
Cauz they knew they were born in that violent start
And my mama cried, on the day I was born cauz she knew I would die

Aw shit, another young brother hit
They got me doin my dips and loadin my clips
Bloomberg name place like shit on our lips
Projects flippin, niggas is shitting on pigs
It's ain't a war where we live nomore, it's a massacre
Brothers ain't trying to ride, we in the passenger seat
And everybody just tryna eat
But im tryna eat then live get high n get free
Dont tell me im deceivin myself
If thas the case I rather meet reality now
A gun to my face than play fight with police and get shot in the back
So they can dirty my name and sprinkle some crack
Tell me that's not how we gettin down
We have some principals I guess some things is diffrent now
Broken promises we made to my homie's mom
They killed her only son and now she cryin in my arms BE STRONG

Don't cry don't cry don't cry no more
Cauz it won't be long, we will survive
Don't cry don't cry don't cry no more
Cauz it won't be long, we're gonna ride

I cried when Tupac died, it was a Friday
We sat up that whole night, bumping Shawtay
I felt the same way when I lost my cousin Padre
Why so many niggas had to go out the hard way
Nobody knows the reasons we here
We just surviving from day to day
Caught up in the game you have to pay to play
Life is just a series of days that fade away
Everyday the sun rises but nothing changes

I feel the sadness, I'm tryna console his family
And tell his mama that her son is still standin
I know he left you a life that's full of pressure
But in me you'll find a piece of his spirit
And as children, the block was our prison
We couldn't escape the bid that we was given
Learnin lessons, searchin for directions
Clingin to the truth, poverty kept us desperate
With steady grind and with our minds on survival
Had plans to build a fam without dope or violence

But in a second, niggas is left breathless
We as caught in this storm, being born as a black men
And life is tragic, my nigga's in his casket
They got me loadin clips ready to bust a cracker
I can't replace him, but I'm here to help you face it
Consider me your son, 'till it's my time to face death

Don't cry (don't Mama) don't cry (don't you cry) don't cry no more
Cauz it won't be long, (You know that we will survive) we will survive
Don't cry (don't Mama) don't cry (don't you cry) don't cry no more
Cauz it won't be long, (You know that we're gonna ride) we're gonna ride

Mama hold your head up high
Cauz it wont be long, (You gotta be strong) we're gonna ride
Mama hold your head up high
It won't be long, (It won't be long) we're gonna ride

Bang for change, Make the change
That's on everything
It's on for life

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Window To My Soul"

My big brother. Revolutionary love
You know your lil brother love you, dawg
You know your sister love you, dawg
You know your mama love you, dawg
We riding right here with you dawg
Be strong man. Keep pushing forward. Look here

You're my brother and I love you and I wrote this for ya
If I could change anything, it's what that dope did to ya
Coming up, I looked up to being just like you
Same crease in my khakis tried to dress like you
You getting swole lifting weights, stocking caps with waves
I'm trying to see the world how you see it, wearing you shades
You and pops never really got along, who was right or wrong
15 years old kicked out all alone in this cold world
And I can only imagine what you was going through
Cause I was so young when it happened
Mama cried like a baby that day
She never blamed you, it was painful
Cause she knew the streets was waiting to claim you
Over time, we could see the hardness in your face
Wanted to help, but couldn't find the words to say
I guess I went into denial hoping for the very best
Stopped believing in they God cause what God would allow this?
Not in my wildest nightmares, nothing compares
To see my brother be a crack fiend for all these years
Tried to send you inspiration when you was locked in the pen
But soon as you came home you right back on that shit again
And mama say she don't feel safe with you home
She got to hide money and lock her room door when she gone
We still love you but until you find strength in yourself
And the will power to open up and accept our help
What can we do? I can't let you terrorize mom dukes
We feeling like we just gone have to turn you loose
They say in war there's no victory without casualties
But when it hits your family that's when you really see

Like a window to my soul, you can see the pain in my life
Got to make a change in my life (it's a struggle every day)
And it's not impossible to make a change in my life (gotta keep pushing forward)
I can make a change in my life, I know (ain't no other way)

I know it's hard coming home to the same old shit
Ain't nothing changed cause the game don't quit
The pain inside is still throbbing
The same conditions that first created the drug problems still exist
And it's a bitch, got to go to the job or starve

Without a gun every day employees get robbed
And on days off, we blow off them crumbs like nothing
Getting high cause a nigga gotta get into something
But we get trapped in a cycle of pain and addiction
And lose the motivation to change the condition
I blame it on the system but the problem is ours
It's not a question of religion; it's a question of power
How did black life, my life, end up so hard?
Why do so much injustice go unresolved?
Why the ones we call governments be the main causes
Behind why all the dope is coming through the borders
Television reporters got the facts distorted
Making scapegoats of every black youth on the corner
It's a war even though they don't call it a war
It's chemical war unleashed on the black and the poor
And who benefit? the police, lawyers, and judges
The private owned prison industry with federal budgets
All them products in the commissary
Tell me who profits, it's obvious and it's going too good for them to stop it

In my mind, my body, and my soul, I need a change in my life
We need a change in our lives, you know
And it's not impossible to make a change in our lives
We can take the pain from our lives, fa sho

We don't own no boats
We don't own no planes to bring no dope
We don't make no cellophane (bags to bag it up)
We just caught up in the game
Don't you know

Don't you know it's bigger than this shit
I know you know. I know what's in your heart dawg
I love you til the end of time. And again and again
I'mma be your brother, your comrade, and your friend
Til we win and even then

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Last Days Reloaded"

(feat. Onyx & Sticky Fingaz)

South suicide Queens
Brooklyn
All my soldiers gather up all your arms
Let's go to war niggas
Onyx, Dead Prez

[Fredro Starr:]

This is America's nightmare
Red, black, green and don't give a fuck
Just wanna get free and live it up
Fuck a 9 to 5, and labels trying to slave us
Busting 12 gauges, breaking your minds out the cages
Crips and bloods banging in New York, that's outrageous
Protesting is hopeless
We putting lasers and scopes on the toasters
Shooting at the police in the streets is the focus
Roll with the rush, it's that official nas
Got soldiers with pistols that blast
We living in the last
My theory is fuck it until the system ain't corrupted
To the public I'm conducted through ghetto clips and armor metal
Busting at the feds or Berettas, we never settle
Til the Rockefeller laws get better
We all trapped in the hood fucking all together
It's war forever
So guns up, if the cops run up on ya
Hold down your corner, and cock a four pound on em

[M1:]

Multiple shots, heard on the block
And my niggas is popping the cops
All up in the hood, it's hot
Living life with my back against the wall, it's over
Open and sober, holding pistols and repping my culture
Get it or die trying, us against them, freedom or death
This how we on it when it ain't nothing left
Ain't getting locked up no more, ain't buying your raw
Rocking it up, coming for mine, cocking it up
This is the last day, hour, minute and second
So I'm screaming "fuck they law," and carry my weapon
Warrior code, shoot and reload, and we taking back what we are owed
We dividing it with my soldiers
You dare to struggle, you dare to win
To the OGs and the veterans, spreading that ghetto medicine
This is my last day, on my word and my balls
When the people army rise, then the system will fall

These the last dayz (get yours!) [x4]

[stic.man:]

Just talking bout takin my own life, into my own hands
RBG, refine, be a grown man
See that's what I'm doing, cause I know it's inside of me
All I gotta do is just bring it to reality, it's
Fuck the government, but still I gotta pay the rent
So yeah, I'm for the caper most definite
Keeping it militant, focused, intelligent
Pimping the system is basic common sense
It's still fuck the pig, black power ain't dead
All that red, white, and blue shit be going to y'all head, see
We break bread, it's like a game or a sport
Gotta train everyday to keep your team on point
Cause still to this day our reparations ain't paid
And you can see it in the poverty around the way
It ain't even our own people on BET
So they gotta get it from somebody, it might as well be me
Besides, a nigga gotta eat when he hungry
You see how they sent troops to war for they country
Niggas worldwide need an army of one
This revolution to the fullest, put the bullets in the gun nigga

These the last dayz (get yours!) [x8]

[Sticky Fingaz:]

Ayo these niggas in the streets ain't ready for no revolution
But neither am I, I'm at the club getting stupid
I ain't got no time to think about who's really oppressing me
I'm too ready to smash the first nigga stressing me
Far as I'm concerned they got us trained so well
Look like we doing a good job of killing ourselves
It don't take heart to pull a trigger, so I'm glad that I'm heartless
Killing easy, living with it was the hard shit
I done broke every rule in the Good Book
Trust me, I memorized The Anarchist's Cookbook
This nigga here ain't as dumb as you think
I could make a bomb with the shit that's under your sink
My name is a number, they trying violate my probation
Fuck it!
Throw me in jail, I need a vacation
Our future is fucked, it don't do no use to pray
My views is the same views of the youth today
The last dayz nigga

These the last dayz (get yours!)

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Out In The World"

Now there's two things that's the same
In every hood, in every ghetto across the world
And that's struggle, and that's dreams

In my hood, Southside Tallahassee, FL
I had both of those, still got both of those
I'ma let you in on somethin' real quick

Let's take it back to the early '90s
Taleho, Florida is where you'll find me
'78 Omega automobile I'm driving
Bass bamblin' with the wind behind me

Hitch from the attic is the name of the crew
'Coz road shows and hoes that's all we do
And all three G's believe me, we got that hot shit
To the point that nigga 'bout to quit on college

Parents upset cause I shat on school
Beat spot got hot so I'm playin' it cool
Crew movin' to New York, I'm 22 years old
My girl's stayin' cause she's scared of the cold

Out in the world (Where you tryin' to make it at)
Out in the world (Where they tryin' to take it at)
Out in the world (Where my folk tryin' to get fat)
Out in the world (And every time get set back)

Out in the world (Where my dawgs at?)
Out in the world (Uh huh, fo' sho)
(Where my folk gonna stay strong)
Out in the world (Let us move on)

Now I'm in the Brook in Decater
Whole different look, different sound and flavor
Washin' dishes at the Hotel Four Seasons
15 an hour, don't plan on leavin'

Homesick, skippin' work every weekend
Went down, found out my girl was cheatin'
Heart broke, tired, started freakin'
Year later terminated for no reason

Got a new girl as the leaves turn brown
Seein' me stressed said she would hold me down
Had to move to the Bronx where the crooks be juxin'
Sold my first track, moved back to Brooklyn

Music 101, the whole game is dirty
Got me 25, feelin' all of 30
Went from a lover to straight up hustler
Stressed a lot, developed clusters

Out in the world(Where you tryin' to make it at)
Out in the world (Where they tryin' to take it at)
Out in the world (Where my folk tryin' to get fat)
Out in the world (And every time get set back)
Out in the world (Where my dawgs at?)
Out in the world (Uh huh, fo' sho)
(Where my folk gonna stay strong)
Out in the world (Let us move on)

2 G, Y2K bug is gone
Put my gas mask back 'coz them lights is on
Dead Prez in the stores and the streets is groovin'
Hi, I'm still broke and my beats is movin'

Gotta grind harder 'coz my bills is major
Got a cell phone, had to dead the pager
Can't blame the game 'coz the game don't feed you
Can't blame the world 'coz the world don't need you

Seem like every excuse I use is see-through
Help myself first, then help my people
'Coz folks sells hope, runnin' scams to burn me
Wash me, comb me, relax and perm me

Gotta get control and stop this car from swerving
Now I'm kinda cold, only the doe concerns me
Try to spend less than the amount I'm earnin'
Lessons everyday I'm learnin'

Out in the world (Where you tryin' to make it at)
Out in the world (Where they tryin' to take it at)
Out in the world (Where my folk tryin' to get fat)
Out in the world (And every time get set back)
Out in the world (Where my dawgs at?)
Out in the world (Uh huh, fo' sho)
(Where my folk gonna stay strong)
Out in the world (Let us move on)



dead
prez

PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Walk Like A Warrior"

(feat. Krayzie Bone)

[Hook]

Walk Like a Warrior
Walk Like a Warrior
Walk Like a Warrior
Walk Like a Warrior

[M1]

I was trained to defend myself for my brain and my mental health
The white man got the wealth he held back
We're living in hell black and niggaz can sell crack
But that ain't gonna change this thang
If you gonna bang, then bang for change, don't bang for crazy thangs
If not don't bang
If ya gonna ball play the game how it should be played
Can you dribble a grenade?
To save your life you payed the price, mama raised you right
Now how you aint gonna fight?
For the white man's laws hell naw
For the cause, because we got to get what's ours
Gotta struggle for the motherfucking power
Cuz we're livin in the last few hours
It's 11:59, I think it's bout time
We get on the grind, and get out the carbine
With freedom of mind we can see what we can find
If you can spot 'em, pop pop pop the po-9
This is only a rhyme so now don't get scared
Listen to the message in the word
Don't let your sight get blurred, you heard this righteous words
You might prefer it from a car mic
Timeout, I didn't say bug out, ball out, bling out
All ya'll sell-outs get the hell out
This year it's RBG so bang on out
Uh, we people army nigga bang on out

[Hook]

[Stic]

Yo, Yo, what you know bout heart?
Can't be the weak link in the squad
Gotta look way deep in your heart
Anything in the way gotta go straight through
Take charge
Can't hide from your flaws when you ride for the cause
Cuz a nigga will pull your card
Keep your guard up 24/7 on the street like you're doin hard time on the yard
What you know about heart?

Can you assemble your heat in the dark
Take it apart, and clean all the parts?
Life is a journey, a course, like learning a martial art
You can't have partial heart
Gotta get your own, if you drop the bone, dog, we all fall
It ain't over til the problem solved
Get your back up off the wall

My niggaz is riders, we fighters, we tight as a fist
RBG's up in this bitch, so bang on out
If your khakis is saggin, you reppin your rag and you holdin the magnum
Use it for freedom nigga, bang on out
All my dirtiest dirtys, revolutionaries and visionaries
Don't be no scaredy nigga, bang on out
It's a war goin on in the streets, we hollerin fuck the police
Ain't bout no peace, nigga, bang on out

[Krayzie Bone]

Me so you see fifty niggaz in all black fatigues
My regime runnin down your street
At the end of the block, we got the god damn cops
And they hope we sink, tell me what you see
I see (bang) buildings burning, motherfuckers trippin for a goddamn purpose
The police is nervous, cuz we done observed 'em
Now niggaz is thinking about murder
We ain't talking, no more, and we ain't squashin shit with po-po
And we ain't marchin in the middle of the goddamn road
Cuz Martin got smoked
Niggaz ready for war, so get the fuck up, we fixin to set the city to fire
This time when we ride we burnin it down, turn this shit 'round
Keep your justice, your peace
And keep blessin the heat, and that there crooked officer
We won't stop blazin til they coughin up blood
Wanna slang my baseball cap to the back and get busy, nigga
You say you a soldier, well get over here nigga we under attack
As soon as they done, they get gone
Muder mo come, come, they done, me red rum, me red rum, they done
And when we put 'em in they grave
We toss in a donut, and tell 'em we don't surrender, surrender, naw

[Hook]

I ain't talkin bout no hustla
I ain't talkin bout no gangsta
I'm hollerin at them soldiers
Revolutionary culture
Bang on out

Dead Prez Lyrics

"I Have A Dream, Too"

"There was an incident where a police had shot a black man in the back and then went and plant a gun next to him and say that the guy draw a gun on him which they find out after the investigation that the guy didn't have no gun - The police had shot him in cold blood."

Wake up nigga!
Wake up nigga!
Wake up wake up wake up!

Backseat of the 'lac, big gat in my lap
Ready for combat, feelin like Geronimo Pratt
We had the windows cracked, headed up the strip
Black rag in my hand, don't want no prints on the clip
Hollow tips cuz we thugs with this shit my nigga
This aint no game, we bang for yo hood my nigga
I take a left at the light, turn off the headlights and ride real slow
Now holla at me when you see the 5-0
Alrite Dirty, yall boys ready?
Bout to turn drive-bys revolutionary
(POW POW POW POW POW) YEAH MUTHAFUCKA YEAH!
(POW POW POW POW POW) YEAH MUTHAFUCKA YEAH!
Look at 'em run, too scared to pull they guns
Outta shape from them coffees and them cinnamon buns
This shit is fun, how I feel when the tables is turned
Hollow tips hit yah flesh through yo vests and it burn
That's a lesson you learn, comin strait from the slums
And it don't stop till we get full freedom!

DIE DIE DIE!

Just when you thought it was safe
Police kill a little boy last night
They said it was a mistake
But that won't bring back his life
His momma couldn't believe
That it could happen to her
She prayed to God everyday
Guess it just wasn't enough

And this is a revolutionary salute, nah mean to the comrades, word, cuz this is real shit, this aint just stories you nahmsayin? People like Twyla Meyers
Crazy [?], Kunta Hari, Rushell McGee, Jalil Mutakeem, Hugo Yogipinell
Herman Bell, [?] Shakur, Asana Shakur, Nahanda Abiodun, Russel Maroon
Shokes, George Jackson, Tariq Haskins, Mutulu Shakur, Lenin [?], Jonathan
Jackson, Shanta [?], Bunjy Carter, Albert Washington, [?] Uhuru, Eddie Conway, [?]
[?], The Black Liberation Army, Tupac Amaru Freedom Fighters, The Mau Mau, The
Zapatistas, Black and Brown Power

yeah
long live all souljas
UHURU!

Dead Prez Lyrics

"D.O.W.N."

RBGs, RBGs, Nigga it's dat RBGs
RBGs, RBGs, Nigga it's dat RBGs

Tell me are you down? when it's goin down
You got to hold it down, don't talk it hold it down
Tell me are you down? when it's goin down
You got to hold it down, when it's goin down

Have you ever had a lesson from a OG?
From a nigga that's been in the war
Been locked up longer than I been on the earth
And his crime is defendin the poor
And they can tell you bout death, tell you bout life
But most of all they tell you bout sacrifice
And they can tell if a woman aint with you when you down
cuz she never really could be your wife
What it mean to be D-O-W-N?
Is ya homies still down when it's trouble you in?
You wanna have a good time make it hot when the pigs come down on the block
Would they fuck wit you then?
Now you wanna get high wit me, organize wit me
Start a clothes drive then maybe we can start a fire
Where my RBGs? My guerillas wit a G-U-E
Don't got a I-Ching homey get free

Who number 1 when we ride? We follow the plan
and there's a role for every man
With a chain of command even when the shit hit the fan
Anything get outta hand we still stand
To me bein down mean more than bein friends, or kin
We comrades we struggle, through any trouble
Sacrifice my life in combat for ya
So you know I gotta love ya I'm down for my brothas
And sistas, fuck the system, bust ya pistols, nigga I'm with ya
Just put a rag on ya face when you ride
You don't want them satellites to take ya picture
We gotta have a lot of discipline and it comes from within
It's not somethin you pretend, homey
A lot of niggas be talkin that shit when it really goes down it be gone with
the wind, homey
Can't be no tower [?], gotta get this power by any means
Gotta know yaself and ya enemy when you puttin it down for ya family
Can't tell by no tattoo, can't tell by no handshake
It's scarred in the heart [?], bein down is an attitude
Doin what you gotta do, for the crew's sake
My definition of a soulja, Revolutionary, Military Minded,
And ready for whatever

Nigga hope for the best and prepare for the worst
Stay aware be alert bomb first, don't tell me

Tell me are you down? when it's goin down
You got to hold it down, don't talk it hold it down
Homey tell me are you down? when it's goin down
You got to hold it down, don't talk it hold it down
Homey tell me are you down?

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Hell Yeah (Pimp The System)"

Holton Street
Dean Street (click clack)
President (uh huh)
Nostril out (DP's)
Orange AI (RPG's)
Tee Town (Who wanna ride?)
Brooklyn
Come on, Come on

Sittin' in the living room on the floor
All the pain got me on some migraine shit
But I'm gonna maintain
Nigga got 2 or 3 dollars to my name
And my homies in the same boat going through the same thing
Ready for a cake
Better plot for the paper
We been living in the dark since April
On the candle
Gotta get a handle
My homie got a 25 automatic added to the camper
Nigga get the phone book look up in the yellow page
Lemme tell you how we fend to get paid
We gonna order pizza and when we see the driver
We gonna stick the 25 up in his face
Let's ride, stepping outside like warriors
Head to the notorious Southside
One weapon to the four of us
Hiding in the corridor until we see the dominos car headlights
White boy in the wrong place at the right time
Soon as the car door open up he mine
We roll up quick and put the pistol to his nose
By the look on his face he probably shitted in his clothes
You know what this is
It's a stick up
Gimme the do' from your pickups
You ran into the wrong niggaz
We running down the block hot with these pizza boxes
So we split up and met back at the apartment

Hell yeah (yo ain't you hungry my nigga?)
Hell yeah (you wanna get paid my nigga?)
Hell yeah (ain't you tired of starving my nigga?)
Hell yeah (well let's ride then)
Hell yeah, Hell yeah

I know a way we can get paid you can get down but you can't be afraid
Let's go to the DMV

And get a ID
The name says you but the fates is me
Now it's your turn take my paper work
Like 1, 2, 3 let's make it work
Then, fill out the credit card application
And it's gonna be bout 3 weeks a waiting
For American Express
It's cause we card
Platinum visa, master card
Cause we was spooked as shit like we's was targets
Now we just walk right up and say charge it
To the game we rocking brand names
Goin on out the park store chains
We even got the boys in the crew a few things
Po Po never know who to true blame
Sto' after Sto' you know we kept rolling
Wait two weeks report the car stolen
Repeat this like a like a laundry mat
Like a glitch in the system it's hard to catch
Coming out the mall with the shopping bags
We can take it right back then get the cash
Yea, get a friend and then do it again
Damn right that's how we paid the rent

Hell yeah
Time to get this paper
I'm down for the caper
Please steady on
It's a deadly struggle
We all gotta hustle
This is the way we survive
[Repeat]

I know a caper
We can get some government paper
You know food stamps can we really do that
Hell yea, right there for the taking
Fuck welfare we say reparations
And, uh, you know the grind
Get up early get in the line and just wait
Everybody on break that's part of the game
And when they call your name
Ms. Case Worker let my state my claim
I'm homeless, jobless, times is hard, I'm 'bout hopeless
But I gotta eat regardless
No family to run to I'm 22
Now tell me what the fuck am I supposed to do
My sad story made her feel close to me
I made her feel like it was an emergency
When I came to the crib niggaz couldn't believe
I came back with a big bag of groceries (hell yeah)

Every job I ever had I had to get on the first day

I find out how to pimp on the system
Two steps ahead of the manager
Getting over on the regular tax free money out of the register
And when I'm working late nights stockin' boxes I'm creepin' their merchandise
And don't put me on dishes I'm dropping them bitches
And taking all day long to mop the kitchen shit
We ain't getting paid commission, minimum wage, modern day slave conditions
Got me flippin' burgers with no power
Can't even buy one off what I make in an hour
I'm not the one to kiss ass for the top position
I take mine off the top like a politician
Where I'm from doing dirt is a part of living
I got mouths to feed I gots to get it

Hell yeah (you down to roll my nigga?)
Hell yeah (you ready to get your hands dirty my nigga?)
Hell yeah (your woman need money and things my nigga?)
Hell yeah (well let's ride then)
Hell yeah

If you claiming gangsta
Then bang on the system
And show that you ready to ride
Till we get our freedom
We got to get over
We steady on the grind
[Repeat]

Dead Prez Lyrics

"W-4"

[intro sample vocals from "American Pimp"]

So much shit goes on it makes me doubt about a God -- you know, makes me ask
well if there is a God then why am I in the situation that I'm in?
Or why is my family going through certain situations
when I don't think that they deserve it nah mean?
Or why do good people suffer so much and bad people prosper so much?

[sample fades out as instrumental comes in]

[lighter sparking]

Yo

Goin out...we light this J up right here...for all the hard working folk
cross this country, cross the world
For everybody on the grind everyday 9 to 5, 8 to 12 -- you know how we do it
Hand to hand, whateva...
Yo, yo..

[Chorus - singing]

I been working all my life but ain't got nothin' to show
I ain't tellin' you nothing you don't already know
I been working all my life but ain't got nothin' to show
Like this world just don't want us to groooow

I been working all my life but ain't got nothin' to show
I ain't tellin' you nothing you don't already know
I been working all my life but ain't got nothin' to show
Wanna run up in tha white house and kick in tha do' ohhhhh

[Verse 1]

What a nigga gonna eat when the refrigerator empty?
Work all week let the bossman pimp me?
Can't pay no rent till the 15th
Landlord call the police to evict me
Lookin for a job in the want ads
Have you ever been to jail? Know they gone ask
Ever took a piss test that you didn't pass?
In between jobs in the past? How you get cash?
I done worked over hot ass stoves
I done picked up trash off roads
Winter time in the streets and the cold
Many times had to sleep in my clothes on the flo'
What you know bout bein' po' seein' most of yo kinfolk be on dope?
Ain't nobody in the hood got no hope in this fucked up system and that's why we don't vote
Still payin niggaz 4.25 - How the fuck we supposed to survive?
I'm close to the edge, government takin most of my bread
in taxes might as well have this close to my head

Make a nigga wanna wild out
runup in the white house with the gauge out, CLICK CLACK!
GIMME MY SHIT BACK BEEYOTCH!

[Chorus]

Puttin' on my uniform, just a number on a W-4 form..

[Verse 2]

See where I'm from it's a few ways out
either rappin or sports either dope or the casket
You can work to the bone but don't put all yo eggs in one basket
We don't never get a piece of the pie
Work 50 years, retire then die
Stay po', rich folks is the criminal
but you don't wanna hear me tho' so
thank God it's friday, ain't it what we live fo'?
Nigga gotta get up out the plantation
Same job that my pop had before me
Imma pass it down to my seed fucked up situation
Make a nigga wanna wild out
runup in the white house with the gauge out, CLICK CLACK!
GIMME MY SHIT BACK BEEYOTCH!

[Chorus]

My J-O-Beeee
is just like a plantation
they owe meeee
but got me fillin' out this application

My J-O-Beeee
is just like a plantation
they owe meeee
and got me fillin' out this application

[song fades]

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Radio Freq"

Crank up yo speakas

To all my niggaz
Every hustlin nigga
Strugglin niggaz
Revolutionary niggaz
Gangbangin niggaz
Chain gangin niggaz
To ya freaky sick

I refuse to be a stereotype in your box
Never want to try to be somethin I'm not
I'm just a nigga from the block, if you got it twist it
Stay blowin on green, if you got it twist it on up
DP's givin a fuck
RBG'd up in some gangsta chucks
Throw yo fist up homie if you know what's up
All my comrades puttin in soldier work
We rollin dirty wit it
Fully dedicated
So real that the radio will never play it
But that's cool, the enemies supposed to hate it
Freedom ain't gonna come till we regulate it
That's why I'm in the dojo, not just for the video
Really do, we really got beef with the popo
Never know when they gonna put you in a choke hold
This is for you new niggaz holdin for the radio

[Chorus:]

Turn off the radio
Turn off that bull shit
[repeat x3]

[telephone rings]

People's Radio
Yo hang up, that's police

What's on the radio? Propaganda, mind control
And turnin it on is like puttin on a blind fold
Cause when you bringin it real you don't get rotation
Unless you take over the station
And yeah I know it's part of they plans
To make us think it's all about party and dance
And yo it might sound good when yo spittin you rap
But in reality don't nobody live like that
You wanna know what kinda nigga I am
let me tell you bit the nigga I'm not

I don't fuck with the cops
Platinum don't me that it gotta be hot
I ain't gotta love it even if they play it a lot
You can hear it when you walk the streets
How many people they reach
How they use music to teach
A radio program ain't a figure of speech
Don't sleep, cause you could be a radio freq

[Chorus]

[telephone rings]

People's Radio
I gotta fat chain, I gotta fat whip, I gotta -
Nigga get off that bull shit!!!

Crank up yo speakers
Yo woofas and yo tweeters
Turn up yo recievers
We bangin off the meter

Crank up yo speakers
Yo woofas and yo tweeters
Turn up yo recievers
We bangin fo the people
[repeat]

Freak freak y'all, to the beat y'all
DP's dog, we gotta eat dog
People's Radio, on the stereo
For the ghettos and the barrios
[repeat]

Crank up yo speakers
Yo woofas and yo tweeters
Turn up yo recievers
We bangin off the meter

Crank up yo speakers
Yo woofas and yo tweeters
Turn up yo recievers
We bangin fo the people

Y'all gonna get black-balled
Nigga what? Nigga get these black balls . . . in yo mouf

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Fucked Up"

[Verse 1]

How do it feel to be high without drugs?
Some say it's the feelin of love for yourself
I can't call it, I just threw up in the toilet
And all my life I said I wasnt gonna be no alcholic
I'm flailin son, tryin to stay sober
but the alchohol be callin son like a ghost
So let's make a toast to my liver and my kidneys
Pour out a little Henny here's to gout in your twenties
Not many niggaz make it to 30 we ride dirty
Breath stinkin, already drinkin, bright an' early
Out an earl na smirnoff, gin and 8 ball
Passed out on the bathroom floor with my clothes off
Remember them knickies? tall can't fit in they dickies?
Before they put them cameras up in the corna store
We used to be so much fun when we was young
Tryin to holler at somethin smellin like 151
Gettin thrown out the club all buzzed I'm bout to get the gun, dawg
But I ain't even know where I was
My nigga emae had to carry me home a many day
It was Heineken, dreks, engays, and eng
They say alcoholism is in my DNA
cause my pops liked to get fucked up the same way
They say alcoholism is in my DNA
cause my pops liked to get fucked up the same way

[Verse 2]

I got so fucked up last night I passed out
assed out man I couldnt even get to the house
and I know I shouldnt been drinkin on an empty stomach
but the fliest said open bar I said fuck it
went from vodka to rum, from rum to cogniac
and my body feel like ive been fightin in combat
and ive been coughin up yellow shit breakin a sweat
i've been shakin like a leaf but thats just what I get
for pourin my own poison and throwin it back
and its not enough to just know better you gotta act
I know I said that the last time
but I was havin such a good time

Dead Prez Lyrics

"50 In The Clip"

(feat. Wu Hylton)

Check this out!

Alright it's going down like this right here
You push you pay, nahmsayin, everything counts, the trips you pay double
Keep your back straight and count them out loud

C'mon C'mon

50 in the Clip, get big; get big
50 in the Clip, get big; get big
50 in the Clip, get big; get big
On the palms, on the fingertips, on the wrists, on the fists
50 in the Clip, get big; get big
50 in the Clip, get big; get big
50 in the Clip, get rip; get big
On the palms, on the fingertips, on the wood, on the brick

[Verse 1]

Jump and roll doing kicks, basic drills with the sticks
50 push-ups in the clip, on the fists on the brick
Getting swoll on the block, lifting weights at the gym
Take the kids to the park do some techniques with them
Throw that hook, work that cross, stick and move, tap that jaw
Tiger claw, Lion paw, Iron palm can't be soft
Life is hard on the block, put your heart on the spot
You gon' ride or you're not, bomb first get the drop

[Talking]

Pay me, that's head crack boy
That fever ain't got nuthin on that
And stay away from the corners
Tracing burners, you heard me

[Verse 2]

Getting big wit the clique, keep it tight like a fist
Everybody hit the deck nigga four, five, six
Add it up, hit the block, no shirt, tatted up
Skinny niggaz getting cut, since it's two get them knees up
Ain't no girl push-ups, RBG's fifty-fifty
Let me see what you got
Nigga don't just watch me, do 'em with me
You can do it, you look rev'd from your gut not your chest
Push 'em out, make them count go all out, count them out nigga

[Talking]

4,5,6 look at that boy, go together just like Red, Black and Green boy

You looking at Fred, Huey and George right there
Word up, time to pay up, put your muscle where your mouth is
Get big, count them out

50,49,48,47 Get big
46,45,44,43 Get big
42,41,40,39 Push 'em out
38 Get big
37 Get big
36 Get big
35 Get big
34,33,32,31 Get big
30,29,28,27 Get big
26,25,24,23 Push 'em out
22 Get big
21 Get big
20 Get big
19 Get big
18,17,16,15 Get big
14,13,12,11 Get big
10,9,8,7 Push 'em out
6 Get big
5 Get big
4 Get big
3 Get big....2.....1

All day it's in the mind

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Way Of Life"

[guitar plays and birds in the background]

[Verse 1]

What you know about the running, the stretching
The cars, the weapons
The path, the journey
The jewels, the learning
The fear, the focus
The aches, the pains
The contact sparrin', the breaks, the sprains
The trial and error, the ranks, and belts
The spiritual growth, the science of breath
The tests, the techniques
The forms, the stances
The flow, the rhythm, the internal answers
The herbs, the healing, the quiet meditation
The truths reveal through daily dedication
The love for the art, the sweat on your shirt
The mind, the body, and the spirit that work
The feelings of failure, the hope to succeed
The battles of questions like "Should I smoke weed?"

[Verse 2]

The water, the thirst
The cleansing, the blessings
The flash of insights, the teachings, the lessons
The grappling and locking, trapping and boxing
The training and slacking
The starting and stopping
And stayin' committed, when your homies ain't with it
The hours or practice after the class is finished
The cause of your ignorance, flaws in your discipline
Broken laws of nutrition, and pork and dishin'
The vitamins and supplements
Salads and ointments

The kingships, pull joints in doctor appointments
The dues, the pads, the wraps, the gloves
The mouthpiece you left home, the taste of your own blood
The hunger, the blocks
The punches, the squats
The crunches, the example you set for the youngsters
The will, the skills, the kill or the hill
The separation between what's fake and what's real
The laws of physics, The class "comradery"
The vows of humility, the bow, the courtesy.

[guitar plays]

[Sample]

Self defense doesn't mean you run and attack someone
But you do have the right to defend yourself by any means necessary
If you in that position to defend yourself (Ha!)

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Don't Forget Where U Goin'"

For my dogs in the pen, my niggaz hold your head
For my dirties on the block, come up any way you can
For my homies in the street game, trying to get ahead
For homeless people sleepin' on the sidewalks for beds
To the babies, born already on dope
Straight to his veins from the Coast Guard boat

Baby daddies and if you late you can't participate
Baby mommas, I know what you going through
So sorry to disappoint you
Ghetto children you're the spark, you're the energy, you're the heart
To the granma's, you're the glue 'cause you know things fall apart
To the PP's, the POW's, MIA's
To to AR's, to the HK's, to the M1's, to the AK's
To the comrades on the grind
Let me see who comes to mind
To my clic, to stic
Oh yeah I can't forget
What up Tahim? What up Abu?
What up Common? What up Badu?
Jermaine, Dem, and Dee-Don
We 'bout to get our freak on
That's F R double E on
In case you didn't hear me, hear me, hear me

Oh oh oh, oh oh

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Hell Yeah (Pimp The System) (Remix)"

(feat. Jay-Z)

[Jay-Z]

We together on the same track now, baby!
Whatchu gon call us now?!

[Intro]

Holton Street, Dean Street (click clack)
Prezident (uh huh) nostril out (DP's) (Marcy)
Orange AI (RBGs) T-Town (Who wanna ride?)
Brooklyn, Come on, Come on

[Verse: stic.man]

Sittin' in the living room on the floor
Hunger pain got me on some migraine shit
But I'm a maintain
Nigga got 2 or 3 dollars to my name
And my homies in the same boat going through the same thing
Ready for our cake, steady plottin for the paper
We been living in the dark since April
On the candle, gotta get a handle
My homie got a 25 automatic added to the gamble
Nigga get the phone book look up in the yellow page
Lemme tell you how we fend to get paid
We gonna order pizza and when we see the driver
We gonna stick the 25 up in his face
Lets ride, stepping outside like warriors
Head to the notorious Southside
One weapon to the four of us
Hiding in the corridor until we see the Dominos car headlights
White boy in the wrong place at the right time
Soon as the car door open up he mine
We roll up quick and put the pistol to his nose
By the look on his face he probably shitted in his clothes
You know what this is, it's a stic up
Gimme the do' from your pickups
You ran into the wrong niggaz
We running down the block hot with these pizza boxes
So we split up and met back at the apartment

[Chorus]

Hell yeah (yo ain't you hungry my nigga?)
Hell yeah (you wanna get paid my nigga?)
Hell yeah (ain't you tired of starving my nigga?)
Hell yeah (well lets ride then)
Hell yeah, Hell yeah

[Verse: M-1]

I know a way we can get paid
You can get down but you can't be afraid
Let's go to the DMV, and get a ID
The name says you but the face is me
Now it's your turn take my paper work
Like 1, 2, 3 lets make it work
Then, fill out the credit card application
And it's gonna be bout 3 weeks of waiting
For American Express, Discovery Card
Platinum Visa, Master Card
Cause, when you was spooked as shit then we was targets
Now we just walk right up and say charge it
To the game we rocking brand names
Well known at Department Store chains
Even got the boys in the crew a few things
Po Po never know who to true blame
Store after store you know we kept rolling
Wait two weeks report the car stolen
Repeat this cycle like a like a laundry mat
Like a glitch in the system it's hard to catch
Coming out the mall with the shopping bags
We can take it right back then get the cash
Yeah, get a friend and then do it again
Damn right that's how we paid the rent (hell yeah)

[Bridge x2]

Got to get this paper
I'm down for the caper, we steady on the grind
It's a daily struggle, we all gotta hustle
This is the way we survive

[Verse - Jay-Z]

As long as there's - drugs to be sold
I ain't waiting for the system to plug up these holes
I ain't slipping through the cracks
So I'm at Portland, Oregon tryin to slip you these raps
The first black in the suburbs
You'd think I had extasy, percocet, and plus syrup
The way the cops converged, they fucked up my swerve
The first young buck that I served
I thought back to the block
I never seen a cop when I was out there
They never came out there
And out there, I was slinging crack to live
I'm only slinging raps to your kids
I'm only trying to show you how black niggaz live
But you don't want your little ones acting like this
Lil Amy told Becky, Becky told Jenny
And now they all know the skinny
Lil Joey got his durag on
Driving down the street blasting Tupac's song (Thug Life baby!)
But Billy like Sue, got his blue rag on
Now before you know it, you backing em

Now the police, got me in the middle of the street
Trying to beat me blue, black and orange
I'm like hold up, who you smacking on?
I'm only trying to eat what you snacking on

[Chorus: Jay-Z]

Hell yeah (y'all don't like that do you?)
Hell yeah (you fucked up the hood nigga right back to you)
Hell yeah (you know we tired of starving my nigga)
Hell yeah (let's ride) hell yeahhh (let's ride)

[Bridge x2 w/ Jay-Z ad-libs]

If you claiming gangsta
Then bang on the system
And show that you ready to ride
Till we get our freedom
We got to get over
We steady on the grind

dead
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prez

**PARENTAL
ADVISORY**
EXPLICIT CONTENT

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Can't Sell Dope Forever"

[Chorus: Young Noble]

Homie, you can't sell dope foreva
You can't sell coke foreva
You can't sell smoke foreva
Baby, you can't sell ex foreva
You can't sell sex foreva
We gotta get ourselves togetha

[Young Noble]

It ain't too many dope dealers retiring
It ain't too many old prostitutes vacationing on the islands
Instead of knock 'em down, my focus is to inspire 'em
Stop worshiping money and worship something higher up
Don't get me wrong cuz, I done been there
Bottom of the barrel man and it ain't shit there
No food, no love, whole lot of kids there
Hand me down footwear, we got put here
She wanna have a baby, what coz he got good hair?
But he ain't got no job, and she on welfare
All he do is go rob, she do the blowjobs
For '06 Bonnie & Clyde, life is so hard
Stuck between a rock and a hard place
Look into the sky and there's no sign of God's face
We can't get a break, I see my people all stuck in a slump
It's like we just can't get over the hump
We need some motivation, we need some inspiration
We need to be more creative in our ways to get paper
The block will have ya ass in a box for your duration
Nigga, all I'm sayin' is this, all I'm sayin' is this ..

[Chorus: Young Noble]

Homie, you can't sell dope foreva
You can't sell coke foreva
You can't sell smoke foreva
Baby, you can't sell ex foreva
You can't sell sex foreva
We gotta get ourselves togetha

Homie, you can't sell dope foreva
You can't sell coke foreva
You can't sell smoke foreva
Baby, you can't sell ex foreva
You can't sell sex foreva
We gotta get ourselves togetha

[Young Noble]

Homie, I ain't tryin' to preach to ya, I'm just sayin'

The government the bigger gang, and they ain't playin'
Hangin' my niggaz for hangin' where they bang at
This is where we live, where we suppose to hang at
Don't love the rent, I can't afford to rent this month
I gotta hit this blunt, I gotta get this done
I know it feel like it ain't no options
A little education for a broader horizon
It's hopeless, I'm focused on reachin' the children
If what you doin' ain't workin', try somethin' different
Listen, there's lynchings and killings in corners
With nothin' left to show but a prison diploma
The crooked ass cops tryin' to meet they quota
So every time they see me, they gon' pull me ova
The life of a soulja, the world is colda
And when it get's worse, man it still ain't ova
I told ya ..

[Chorus: Young Noble]

You can't sell dope foreva
You can't sell coke foreva
You can't sell smoke foreva
Baby, you can't sell ex foreva
You can't sell sex foreva
We gotta get ourselves togetha

Homie, you can't sell dope foreva
You can't sell coke foreva
You can't sell smoke foreva
Baby, you can't sell ex foreva
You can't sell sex foreva
We gotta get ourselves togetha

[Stic.man]

Every new nigga think he not gon' get caught
The same thing the next man thought, sittin' in court
It's nothin' new under the sun, it's been done
There's a million niggaz locked up, you just another one
That got caught up in it, like the government intended
A pawn for the system at the bottom of the pyramid
The game is a set up, that's why they call it a trap
It's infested with informers, snitches and rats
So watch ya back if you in it, get in and get out
Invest in ya future, gotta try to find another route
Coz the war on drugs, is just a war on us
And the wrong time to see it is when you in them cuffs
On that bus, frustrated, headed to the big house
Lookin' at so much time, you might never get out
If you headed down this route, whoa before you crash boy
You don't wanna see them red sirens on the dashboard

[Chorus: Young Noble]

You can't sell dope foreva
You can't sell coke foreva

You can't sell smoke foreva
Baby, you can't sell ex foreva
You can't sell sex foreva
We gotta get ourselves togetha

Homie, you can't sell dope foreva
You can't sell coke foreva
You can't sell smoke foreva
Baby, you can't sell ex foreva
You can't sell sex foreva
We gotta get ourselves togetha, c'mon

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Searchin'"

[Verse 1:]

Yeah! let's be honest, I know I took more then I gave in the past
[?] I love ma' family [?] so I know we can last
I've been hustlin' hopin, tryin' stay focused oping with life
Like a roll of dice,
This life we live surrounded in ice
There's some promise sendin' for us but still we gotta keep goin'
Everyday we breath in live, God give us chances to show' em
Take the piss that we keep giving and blessings that he keep giving
Using to my advantage, keep humble and keep forgiving
I know the prier seem distant, but yo gotta know and listen
You gotta be patient in life, play your position
I know I can witness things in life that money can't bring
Also witness things in life things that only family can bring
Talk bout fortune and fame
Talk bout hunger and pain
Talk bout whooping even making [?] is one and the same
Cursed for blessed with the game
Cursed for blessed with the brain
Through all my stress and the pain
Know what (what what) I'm a make it

I've been searchin'
I've been lookin' for love
Waiting for the clouds above
To make me all that I am
And I thank you
I've been searchin'
I've been lookin' for love
Waiting for the clouds above
To make me all that I am
And I thank you
And I thank you

[Verse 2:]

I don't prey for wealth, prey health and peace and self to move on
My heart sane, trying stay strong and try to move right along
With the right and wrong I'm a fight along, as Long as I'll live
Long as I'm humble keep my faith in god is all I need
Still working to get ma cash, hustling I gotta get it
And then I laugh last, last with the voice of vicing
As God is my witness, my strength and my source to achieve
My savior, my light, my life, my fighter right to believe

I've been searchin'
I've been lookin' for love
Waiting for the clouds above

To make me all that I am
And I thank you
I've been searchin'
I've been lookin' for love
Waiting for the clouds above
To make me all that I am
And I thank you
And I thank you

[Verse 3:]

First of all, when you found that you must be God first
If you wanna build the life that's worth risking all
So for me it's an opportunity to speak, to reach
The four corners of the globe, the pain [?] deep
I know, I can see it in your eyes but I'm right here with you
In it though before is all over we celebrate
In everything, give thanks for this is the will of God
In Christ, Jesus counsellings you, nothing is too hard for him
If you have a heart for him
Everything is possible, don't let nothing stop you
We need you, get on your feet soldier
Hearts of west colder
[?] shoulder
Leaders don't wanna step up and be there why they were put there
We all call them for what we did, we doing what we ought to
Do for the sake of the future, know that is not about you
It's bigger than money and fame
Bigger than reppin' yo' hood
Taste it and see for yourself that is good

I've been searchin'
I've been lookin' for love
Waiting for the clouds above
To make me all that I am
And I thank you
I've been searchin'
I've been lookin' for love
Waiting for the clouds above
To make me all that I am
And I thank you
And I thank you

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Fork In The Road"

(feat. Stormey & Malachi)

[KASTRO:]

I was only 16 young nigga one cleanin things
28 now just to see things change
But I'm a player and am playin my part
Knowin this movie ain't mine it gods and he's a star
I still wonder how I made it this far a million miles over in speed of a fast car
So many choices(why), so many voices, all up in my head I hear the devil and his voices
I'm a stum, I'm a bum I'm nuffin, suicide get the gun pull the button
Nah that ain't me
Nah I'm gods baby
But times kinda hard
They've been gettin to my lately
I belive even though I ain't better
My days are gettin better but only if I let em
Today I stand at this fork in the road
Gotta decide wich way I would go

[Chorus: MALACHI]

How do I get by with blocks in the road
And how did I get here with the fork in the road
The choices am goin about the world is so cold
Will I be here to see my baby grow old

[Chorus: MALACHI]

How do I get by with blocks in the road
And how did I get here with the fork in the road
The choices am goin about the world is so cold
Will I be here to see my baby grow old

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Believe"

(feat. Stic.man & Ms. Nora (Stic's Mama))

[Chorus: Stic man]

I know I can, I'm sure I can
get this dope out my veins
I believe I can, I know I can
I'm sure I can break free from the chains

[Verse 1: Stic man]

I can heal, I can change a fight and never give up
I'd made up my mind I can do it and that's what up
I'm a learn I'm a find what I need to help myself
I understand that it's up to me to take care of my health
I'm a prove to the world that I can get back up
on my feet and I'm a do it for myself for me
and for my family, they only want the best for me
they wanna see me in control of my destiny

[Chorus: Stic man]

And I believe I can
I know I can, I'm sure I can
get this dope out my veins
I believe I can, I know I can
I'm sure I can break free from the chains

[Verse 2: Stic man]

Aint no easy way out, but I made it this far
many days I slip back frustrated cos it's hard
but it's my time now to make the changes in my heart
And I aint looking back right here today is where I'm a start
I believe in myself, I just made some bad choises
I still love myself and I aint ready for the coffin
I'm reaching out to my loved ones for they support
and no negative thought is gonna stop me just (watch)

[Chorus: Stic man]

I believe I can
I know I can, I'm sure I can
get this dope out my veins
I believe I can, I know I can
I'm sure I can break free from the chains

[Verse 3: Stic man]

I got things I wanna do in my life I aint did yet
I know I've been close to the egde but I aint dead yet
it's never too late to make a change for the better
and I really mean it this time I'm bout to get myself together
I know it's not just me I aint the only one

everybody got something that they need to overcome
you aint got to smoke crack to be a fiend
a fiend is just somebody whos addicted it can be anything
too many of us addicted to the American dream
we high from the lies on the TV screen
we drunk from the poison that they teach in the schools
and we junkies from the chemicals we eat in the food

[Chorus: Stic man]

I believe I can
I know I can, I'm sure I can
get this dope out my veins
I believe I can, I know I can
I'm sure I can break free from the chains

[Speech: Stic man's mum]

I believe in myself
I believe that greater is in me, than is on the outside
I can be ... who I wanna be
It's already inside me, if I just believe in myself

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Came-Up"

(feat. Young Noble, Layzie Bone & Stic.Man)

[Intro: Stic Man]

(Layzie Bone, Stic Man)

All we have is each other, everyday is a struggle
(Young Noble) Life is no guarantee
(Outlaws, Dead Prez, Bone Thug)

Everyday is a struggle, all we have is each other (Come on)

[Verse 1: Young Noble]

One time, one time, one cop with a K-9
Cock and I spray mine, drop and lay one
Down to the the ground, we callin' C-Town
Ask and harass, and its all of the time
Bein' a young thug, we always real dumb
The money would still come, but wait 'till the bills come
Back to square one, shottin' the fair one, taught to fair none
The right to bare arms
Look at my eyes; You better feel the pain, you better learn the game
I had my turn of fame
Fuck that, just give me money instead
And when the hungry is fed, and when it's all said and done
Nigga we' all for one, homie it's all or none
All I really need is a call or come
Remain a Outlaw 'till its said and done
remain a Outlaw 'til I'm dead and gone

[Chorus: Stic Man, Layzie Bone & Young Noble]

It ain't nothin' if it ain't about green (We came up)
Hopes if it ain't about me (We came up)
It's to all my hopes and my dreams (We came up)
It's to all them niggas up in the bay (we come up)
All my niggas that's from the 'hood (We came up)
Soldiers on mind and made good (We came up)
Money on the wood make it really all good (We came up)
You will get it if you could, yep (We came up)

[Verse 2: Stic Man]

Like a brick through the window everybody on the block come quick
Gets some fo' your kinfolk
Discount sale goin' down for once, aw you can count with me nigga pop the trunk
We in sock, shoes, shit we could use
Laptops still in the box for the cruise
It's not a riot, fool, it's a rebellion
Malcom said it's righteous to rob for food
clothes and shelter
By enemies it's neccessary, smash and grab

Takin' everthang you can carry, nigga
Revolutionary, nigga
Can't be no scary, nigga
Runnin' down the alley with a handfull of jewelry
Feelin' like Huey, nigga
Nothin' they can do to me, nigga
Fuck poverty, nigga

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Layzie Bone]

Small thang to a giant when a nigga wanna talk about his toys with his boys well
The cost ain't shit to a boss
Wanna break a nigga off, set it off when a nigga wanna floss
Down here on the '99 it feel like a war zone
It's where you can find mine, when I bring the war on
Struggle the bubble when nigga hustle to double up
Fuck with my money and nigga you in trouble, what?
Everybody tryin' to get in where the fit in
Talkin' ain't nothin' if it ain't about dividends
Standin' a the corner tryin'a get me a Benz, four-five cocked
My only friend
And again I don't trust ya'll anyway, me?
Lil' Layzie I been gettin' plenty pay
Spray the semi 'till its empty, on any givin' day
Nigga, heard what I said, nigga any givin' day
Born to take charge; We criminals at large
Niggas smell pussy and I'm pullin' your whole cards
Brother on lock and he's runnin' the whole yard
St. Clair niggas came up with the bogart
Take it if I want it, let a nigga get up on it
Gotta give it to 'em quick; Hit 'em up, no warnin'
Ya'll niggas wanna get involved, search ya' just like ya' want it, want it

[Chorus]

dj green lantern

dead
prez

PULSE OF THE PEOPLE



INVASION

Turn Off The Radio VOL. 3

PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Runnin' Wild"

[Mumia Abu-Jamal:]

Inspiration that came from Black and Latino and young people.
From the ghettos of the Bronx and Brooklyn and New York, you know what I'm sayin'? (Of course) That's power

[stic.man:]

Fuck the police, can't wait to get from momma house
Hopped off the porch, old enough for some drama now
Pistol in his pocket, barely strong enough to cock it
But he ain't scared to pop it, got a heart like Colossus
Momma ain't home, daddy locked down
Still his gold chain swing, pants sagged down
He be clean, fresh Caesar
New jeans, new sneakers
Middle finger to his teachers, a rebellious young genius
Little Bobby Hutton, '09 version
Ready to touch something
No matter what
Determined to make his life worth something
Keeping it gangsta
Cause the young black male is in danger
One slip out here, these crackas will hang you
Only the strong survive
No choice, you gotta ride
Young in age but your mind is wise
Walking strong with a King Tut strut in your stride
Black pride and I'm young, hungry, born to survive
Don't collide with him

Ya, I hear all that righteous shit you talkin' man, fuck that.
I gotta get out here and get this money, man. My daughter feet grow everyday.
I'm broke out here. Ain't nobody giving me no jobs. I gotta get it one way or another

[Hook:]

Little child, little child
Runnin' wild, runnin' wild
Little child, runnin' wild
Whoah, ya
Hey, little child, little child
Runnin' wild
Little child, runnin' wild
Whoah, hey

[M1:]

Growing up in this world today is not easy to do
Either your choosing your path or your path will choose you
Lil' Khazi got big shoes to fill for his fam'
He's so young it's hard for him to understand

That he's the man of the house
He know the time, his momma work overtime
And his attitude (a milli, a milli, is '09)
Go to school just to battle MC's in the cafeteria
Fell asleep in third period to the theory
That the president is black so he should try to be that
Better yet, put a gat on your back and go to Iraq
But he already done chose a side
A bonafide People Army soldier rollin' for life
Mind sharp as that switch blade knife in his back pocket
Ain't no crack in his sock
He got bigger dreams
And even more than money countin'
He ready to move mountains
The future Kwame Nkrumah
And he know it's a dirty job but somebody gotta do it

Shoot, you gotta feel me man. Not a day goes by it ain't a shootout.
My gun is all I got in these streets.
I'm 'bout myself, and when I need help, the only thing I can rely on is my gun game

[Hook]

[stic.man:]

I love to see the homies cliqued up, fists up
Khakis on, STAG bandana rag twist up
Hood pride, unified
G'd up, ride or die
Street tribe
Real soldiers don't die, we multiply

[x2]

[Hook]

[Mumia Abu-Jamal:]

You got people all around the world nodding their heads to what people are saying.
So when you're conscious of that, then ya know, you can do more than just say, "this is a hustle",
"I'm trying to make my bread" or "that broad got a big ass". Come on.
There's more important things in the world. I know you and stic do it everyday

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Don't Hate My Grind"

WRBG People's Radio

Turn off the radio

Turn off that bullshit

I am close to the edge don't push me [x4]

Yo the recession got a nigga losing calories

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Warpath"

(feat. Ratfink)

I'm on the warpath [x4]

[stic.man:]

Lady liberty dressed in drag

Silver badge

No country for old men

Renegade policeman

True evil

Oppressor of the people

Blue lethal

Psychopathic

Arm of the state

Licensed to kill

In the inner city he hunts and lurks

Blood thirst

Vampire sworn to protect the evil empire

It's business

Mercenary, no code of honor

A blue wall of silence

His actions cause riots

Murderer, terrorist, racist, supremacist

Terrorize the residents

Intimidate the innocent

Power unlimited

Targeting the prey with the hoodie and the jewelry

He the judge, the jury and the executioner

Redneck Lucifer

The streets is on fire for all the years he been abusing us

I fiend to throw his ass off of Lakeview terrace

So I ran up in the precinct and I shot the sheriff

[Ratfink:]

It's been a longtime coming

And I can't hold out much longer

It's been a longtime coming

And all the waiting made it stronger

It's been a longtime coming

And it's way too late for you now

It's been a longtime coming

And there's nothing you can do

I'm on the warpath

[Hook:]

And I'm gonna hit you like a freight train coming

On the warpath want to hit the ground running

I'm on the warpath

I'm on the warpath
I'm on the warpath

[M1:]

Ayo my brain fried and I'm off duty
I'm about to pull out my gun and go and shoot me a movie
You think you hardcore?
But you ain't ready for war
When you see me coming pray for the lord
You probably just a snitch anyway
And a ditch is your grave
And the president don't got shit to say
50 shots is nothing, it's been 500 years
I enjoy seeing all y'all mommas in tears
As I haul your ass off to jail
Stop going to church, praying to god
You're living in hell
And I'm the gatekeeper
My boss is the Grim Reaper
Better known as the sergeant of the pig department
And guess what's next for the next generation
I'm about to turn the whole damn 'hood into a slave ship
You thought that was some shit in New Orleans?
You better watch out for the global warming

[Ratfink:]

When you close your eyes at night
And you think you're safe at home
You'll never see me coming
And you wake up all alone
You made your bed baby
And I hope you'll never sleep
I'll be waiting for you in your dreams
If you ever get that deep
I'm on the warpath

[Hook]

[stic.man:]

So I ran up in the precinct, and I shot the sheriff

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Gangsta Gangster"

(feat. Styles P)

Gangsta Gangsta with a "A" not a "ER" [x3]
Cuz all I gees I know are part of the revolution

[Stic.Man:]

Its not a word to be claiming jus cause it sound cool
The game's so twisted today for lack of ground rules
Is a man of his word a man of action
Never begging, complaining he make it happen
It's not the image they selling us on the TV screen
Is a survivor, a rider provide by any means
Moving stragey outsmarting his enemies
Ready to give his life, you still wanna be a g?
It's not something you claim just because you from the hood
Everything twisted the game is so misunderstood
Used to be a protector, man of the people
Now they most followers man, where are the leaders?
A ghetto superstar is cool but I know something harder
You don't know gangsta till you know about Bunchy Cater, Auntie Assata, Soondiatie Ecoli
Not to disrespect their legacy but that's the real OG's
The one who has the biggest mouth to be the biggest coward
No time for petty beef a gee is about getting power
That's why you can only be down after initiation
So niggas know how you respond in different situations

Gangsta Gangsta with a "A" not a "ER"
Cuz All I Gees I know are part of the revolution

[Styles P:]

He was a mean one nah he was born one
He don't ever say a thing when the law comes
He don't need a posse of brothers that act wild
He works a Hard Job and tries to raise a black child
He breaks bread with his people like Jesus did
He tried to explain to the children what the evils is
Knows the spots where the crack, coke and diesel is
Did some time in the pen now he diesel kid
He know the penile system is part slavery
Knows that the judge on the stand is where the pagan be
Knows freedom is priceless it takes bravery
He knows I ain't an animal but they caging me
He plays DP thinking about his DP's
Wish he had a hundred guns headed up to DC
He wants change like Obama did
Probably lived where your mama lives

[M1:]

Is is the bandana, the hat, the loafers or the gatt
I tell you off the bat hell nah it ain't none of that
It ain't the smell of the chronic the broken ebonics
They be the main ones poppin that shit but they don't want it
Willing to live or to die for what he believe in
He know the code of the streets you can't deceive him
A gangsta's word is his bond you must respect that
He keep his flag and his rep well protected
Is it the bankroll? The bulletproof tank? no
Look at his tattoos the women about to faint so
He could of went to jail but been the biggest snitch Or
He could when you trust your loyalty you switch

Gangsta Gangsta with a "A" not a "ER" [x3]
Cuz All I Gees I know are part of the revolution

[Stic.Man:]

It ain't just Easy, Dre, Ren, Cube and Dela
It's also Nina, Sarah, Billy, Betty and Ella
G is the seventh letter, G is for gettin better
A G is a go-getter, A G is tougher than leather

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Afrika Hot!"

I don't represent the red white and blue
I'll cut the head off the devil and I'll throw it at you
Uhuru is my world view; RBG to the grave
Even though Obama is the president, we still enslaved
I don't have to be born and raised on a continent
I know where I'm from; it's engraved in my consciousness
We one folk many tribes, many sons and daughters
Before the white man's artificial borders
We was warrior kings, victorious dynasties
I had to open my eyes to see their historians lied to me
I don't know what my tribe was, they stole my culture
But I know I'm still standing on ancestor's shoulders
Yo' I could have been Bassa, Yoruba, or Kikuyu *?*

So I just claim them all from Ashanti to Zulu
I am, because we are one tribe
Children of the sunshine let's ride, it's nation time

Why don't you tell me the truth? I can think for myself
Everything they manufacture be so bad for you bad for your health
Why they so parasitic? Why they so hypocritic?
Why they take everything real and turn it into a gimmick?
I learn from people who live it, I'm a G with no limits
Immuh always stay committed the minute until we win it
RBG representin', if I said it I meant it
That's why you got to stand and fight
Cause it could change any minute
I took a visit to the border of Kenya and Tanzania
And they got the same ole' president we got over here
It's a global revolution, everybody get down
Cause when I look around the majority is brown
So we may as well link it up, time comes sync it up
Fresh water straight out the earth you'd better drink it up
Revolutionary love, freedom's what I'm thinking of
Meet me at the steps of the capital if you've seen enough

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Refuse To Lose"

[Chorus]

I got so much trouble on my mind
refuse to lose
refuse to lose
(it's just energy man)
I got so much trouble on my mind
refuse to lose
refuse to lose
(it's electric)

I'm caught up in this untouchable mentality
as a man thinkin it becomes his reality
I used to let stress build up until I learned
that stress'll eat your insides up like worms
see worry is the cousin of death
thinkin negative you might as well go ahead and bury yourself
I was taught by the struggles of life to be strong
like ian, you hafta have the heart of a lion
I been through my share of this hell, but still I rise
many days didn't know what to do
but we survived
every struggle is a test, a lesson
you just gotta figure out how to overcome and catch the blessin
they want us to turn to dope and lose all hope
spirit broke and confused
but I refuse to lose
through fear, through pain, through loss
I can't stop
won't stop
till we make it to the tip top
this is hip hop

[Chorus]

I got so much trouble on my mind
refuse to lose
I refuse to lose
(I, I will not lose)
I got so much trouble on my mind
refuse to lose
I refuse to lose
(I, I will not lose)

ay yo, failure ain't an option it's a death sentence
you can't survive without no food that ain't no sustenance
plus when it's crunch time
back on the wall
life on the line

before you lose your balance and fall
you will find that it's an instinct
act first and then think
second law of nature, self preservation
move without reservation
no hesitation when it comes to me and mine
do you come from that design or do your compass need alignment?
I'm mercenary
My assignment?
kill or be killed, a sin or a skill?
however you define it
a sa siembra victoria
revolutionary propaganda intended to raise warriors
ain't nothin like this world crisis
the price of life is measured by the lifeless
it's brutal but I fight this
supply, demand, inflation rises
we can't afford the rice
there's nothing to eat
I know it's hard to digest

[Chorus]

I got so much trouble on my mind
refuse to lose
I refuse to lose
(I, I will not lose)
I got so much trouble on my mind
refuse to lose
I refuse to lose
(I, I will not lose)

they say the best revenge: success and living well
no more throwin them coins down in that wishing well
go out and get your own
we all reap what we sow
the end is all on you
what you gonna do?

I got bass strong enough to cut through a coal mine
hold a goal in my mind till I reach the gold mine
overtime grind
with no days off
but ain't nothin like the feelin when it all pays off
all it take is the thought of my son for motivation
long as I'm alive you can't break my dedication
family first
everything real in the field
it's a cold game
life don giva fuck how you feel
we live in a material world or so it seems
but I ain't got nothin to lose but bad dreams
when I woke up I was already 17
but I was determined to break the cycles I'd seen

when I learned that the blood in my veins came from kings
it curdled, when I looked at the present day scene
but the same pressure that turned my brother to a fiend
I face it, embrace it and convert it into steam

[Chorus]

I got so much trouble on my mind
refuse to lose
I refuse to lose
(I, I will not lose)
I got so much trouble on my mind
refuse to lose
I refuse to lose
(I, I will)
(I, I will not)

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Life Goes On"

[Chorus]

Life goes on, the world keeps turning & life goes on
Life goes on, the world keeps turning & life goes on
Life goes on, the world keeps turning & life goes on
Life goes on, (hey one how ya feel?) the world keeps (yeah) turning & life goes on (let's go)
Life goes on

You stuck back in the day, but homie it's 2009
Every thought you think is a seed you plant that grows within your mind
Better focus on your grind
It's real out here
The game don't wait
We fall down
we suck it up
We get back up and make a way
'Cause the past is yesterday
and the future never comes
The present is a gift
This moment is the only one
You can't rewind the clock
Time is all we got
and once it's gone
It don't come back
Whether you like it or not
Gotta play to win
If you ain't happy - make a change then
If what you doin' ain't workin' it might be time to change plans.
You lookin' at a changed man
From where I used to be
It's no fear
I ain't going' nowhere
So get used to me
I shook off the dead weight
Freed up my head space
Now my priorities in order
and my bread straight
With even greater faith
So let the haters hate
For one thing we got in common that we can't escape is...

[Chorus]

Life goes on, the world keeps turning & life goes on
Life goes on, the world keeps turning & life goes on
Life goes on

Some people blame they parents
For what they shoulda done

Dead Prez Lyrics

"\$timulus Plan"

[CHORUS]

You should go go
Feed your marrow
Then the Afro
Then the Euro
Anything
For that green
It's a scam
It's a scheme

(clips from news, legislators)

Four or five dollar bills

[?]

I've been in the same situation
Heartbeat racing
You come up but you don't eat
I done had to sleep in a train station
Going stop to stop
But no place to be
Paperchasin'
Filling out applications
For weeks
Just tryin' to get up on my feet
But they ain't hiring
So a nigga's forced to resort to the streets
Just to make ends meet
It's called survival
The struggle continues
If it offends you, let me remind you
We all have instincts to do what we have to,
To make it through, and this drive is primal
Whether you at MickeyD's takin' an order
Or comin' from Florida transportin' a quarter
Or on a corner
We all got needs
I gotta feed my son
He gotta feed his daughter
Naw, I ain't no capitalist-exploiter
But I know the rules of supply and demand
Whoever controls the product
Controls the supply
And, hey, well that's the law of the land
Make your own stimulus plan

(more)

Don't ever think slavery was just about race
Slavery was about money
They say the USA was founded on freedom
But slavery built this country
Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln,
Hamilton, Jackson, Grant
Were all slaveowners
And even today
From Clinton to Bush
They runnin' the same game on us
They so-called war on terror
Is just a ploy to get more cheddar
Dinero, the root of all evil
They come in bombin', shootin', exploitin' people
And call it freedom
It's a cold game
And it's the same from the top of the food chain
All the way down to the little homie in the street gangs
Slangin' cocaine, it's how they do thangs
It's the American way
Imperialism, have it your way
Whatever it takes
Whoever gets fucked in the process, that's okay
That's how they play
So you can't blame us
Them dead white men on that paper ain't us
We still gotta hustle for the benefits, man
My grind is my stimulus plan...



dj drama + dead prez

TURN OFF THE RADIO VOLUME 4

REVOLUTIONARY BUT GANGSTA GRILZ

"born in the Struggle, built in the Streets"

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Far From Over"

[DJ Drama:]

You know I've been working so hard, I got skinny again

That means I'm still hungry

Dead Prez

Barack O Drama

[Hook:]

I know way too many people here right now listening to this mixtape like who the fuck are yall

I swear it feels like the last few years in the mainstream everyone forgot about reppin the cause

What are we doin what are we doin oh yeah what about let's get free taking care of family this is the song of my
life man

Cause all I know to be is a soldier for my culture and it's far from over

[M1:]

RBG RBG Dead Prez like Lantern never fall off what the hell was yall thinking

We 10 years deep still real still eatin still middle finger to the police and still mean it

This is RBG code this is more than just a pop song if you don't know must not of been out on the block long
Let me show you how to speak the language in better form I swear this life is like the realist movement ever born

Truth is like a 44 magnum in this business I'm out to go Jonathen Jackson on you bitches

Little homie you know you could catch cancer from them swishers don't get lost in that liquor till it eats up your
liver

Gotta spit it how I live it I am my brothers keeper rappers integrity today is cheaper than some reefer

The whole game is blunted everybody want to be a stunner, but where's the honour when the white man run it

[Hook]

[stic.man:]

Yo one thing about music when it hits you feel no pain ten years later ain't shit changed, but the players in the
game

Still ahead of the pack as Drake studied my rap matter of fact I give to that,

but at least he ain't sellin no crack so I take my flow right back

Stop the beef it doesn't matter how many records they sellin cause all this bullshit they yellin gonna start a
hiphop rebellion

In the real world don't have no bounaries and fears this word sound power that we put in their ears can change
the world

It's bigger than diamonds in your necklace we out here doin dope toatin pistols actin

reckless in the real world you can't just act like you don't care

Cause what you gonna have when the fame and fourtune disappear

if you a rapper trapper actor finger snapper copy cater or a money gettin cracka just say it

But then if you fake snake cake claimin that you pushin weight when you ain't do I really have to say it

[Hook]

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Exhibit M"

[DJ Drama:]

I mean, we can agree that balance is necessary, right? We can agree that some of this shit done got out of control, right?
We ain't gonna take it too far left, though. We gonna stay street, stay revolutionary right here in this middle lane

[M1:]

Yo, imagine me with no imagination
No imitation. It's Exhibit M... it's my improvisation
Hope I improved on what you thought was impossible
My impersonation of myself is mythological
Emperor Imhotep—I am a saurus
I'm a monk up in the mountains, meditating in the marshes
Importing that magical forest, smoking that Mary Jane
Self-medicating myself. This world is so insane
I put my emphasis on things more important
Yo, it's M. Jordan imparting wisdom with my performance
I'm Immortal Technically speaking
Immaculately conceiving
Hit you with that Swahili greeting
I'm the one between the L and the N
Motherfuck... Oh please excuse, I get excited
I'm against the M-N-F-N system
They immobilize the marches of the movement
And imprison many people
Now they monitor the music
Making martyrs out of you and me
We ain't getting Emmy's or no Oscars or no Grammy's
It's the same old inmate to the Uno
The emblem is the panther, not a pimp
And my woman is an empress if you ever get a glimpse
My impression of a moron is an empty minded man
For an imbecile, death is imminent. Understand?
Murder one. Master knowledge, but my mama says, "Mutulu
Fuck around and get impaled. Yo, don't let the smile fool you
Leave a mark on your monument."
Fuck the X and the Y. The M gene is dominant
M-M-M-Malcolm and M-M-M-Mart-Martin

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Malcolm, Garvey, Huey"

(feat. Divine)

Malcolm Garvey Huey, study Malcolm Garvey Huey
Their life is like a movie
Study Malcolm Garvey Huey, Malcolm Garvey Huey
Malcolm Garvey Huey, their life is like a movie

I live, I die, I organize
Everything I do's revolutionize
I build what's good for the whole damn hood
Study G's like these, really think you should
I study Malcolm Garvey Huey, Malcolm Garvey Huey
Monster kody with a UZI, listening to Fela Kuti
I'm a goon with the machete, especially if it's deadly
Got the Santos for the Xe to protect me, so respect me
This is heavy legendary, revolutionary
My wifey she resurrect me when they thought they had me burried
Took me out the cemetery, now it's family over every
Cause it's always necessary to avoid the commissary
I'mma live for you five, so I stopped getting high
If you know, then you recognize, it's that Black and Brown pride
This the power of the mind, RBG, God Divine
You can see it through the lies if you can read between the lines

I live, I die, I organize
Everything I do - revolutionize
I build what's good for the whole damn hood
Study G's like these, really think you should
I study Malcolm Garvey Huey, Malcolm Garvey Huey
Malcolm Garvey Huey, Malcolm Garvey Huey

Malcolm, Garvey, Huey, Bunchy, Bobby, Pac 'n Tookie
Sitting by the door, so you can say I'm acting spooky
Just like in the movie, son, you better pack it tooley
Niggas squish be acting fruity or be cracking like they tookie
Rather smoke a doobie than be burning and alluding
Bang bang, pig shooting, we should blame Rudy Julie
Banging for the cameras, China White & nose candy
Unless you're banging on the system, you're a gangsta wearing panties
RBG my family from the Bronx to Miami
Police cannot stand me packing y'all like a manny
Call me Little Bobby Hutton, cause I'm first to push the button
Rappers don't be saying nothing to the system, we say fuck 'em
This is for Nahonda, mama see, Mama Akuwa
All the real OGs, I'm a soldier cause you told me study
Malcolm Garvey Huey, Malcolm Garvey Huey
Malcolm Garvey Huey I'm reportin' in for duty

Stic.-ie-ickie, yours truely, here for duty
Down davino, M A uno, you know how we dropped the jury
This is real not a movie, not Mickey Donald Goofy
I'm a soldier, I avoid a bitch nigga like the cooties
Screwface in a hoodie, fresh pair of khakis
We can do this like we fam or go to war like the Apaches
For whatever I stay ready, I learned that in Tallahassee
Babatunde used to school me as a juvie skipping classes
Never let the system use me, my duty is my passage
Watch the homies in your army, they don't always show their badges
Keep your family living healthy, teach your children 'bout their blackness
Teach your wifey how to use the ratchet, this shit is classic
Get your food, clothes n shelter, fuck the system pimp it backwards
I ain't hating, I'm just saying if you wanna be a rapper study Malcolm Garvey Huey

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Fear Not The Revolution"

No reason to get scared
Change is necessary
Somebody gotta' do somethin'
Who better than us?

[M1:]

Nothing to fear but fear itself
Use your experience like wealth and get rich b*tch
I know niggas that fear success
So they sabotage they self
I question their mental health
Help me understand it
I'm battling with my demons like the next man
But I expect to stand victorious, vainglorious
Head up and encourage us, like Afeni did to Pac
It can send you into shock
It can bring you to a stop
Shook stop in your tracks
Fear of our responsibility by Ho Chi Minh
If you're looking for a weakness hope you don't see me
We're so gangsta but scared of our own shadow you see
It's your reflection
And we're searching for direction but our compass is broke
Put it in your GPS and still don't know where to go
It's the heart
It's the spirit
It's the soul
Trust yourself, if it's green then go
If it's not then don't

[Hook:]

This is the revolution
This is our only solution
This is officially a takeover not a makeover
We on our way soldiers

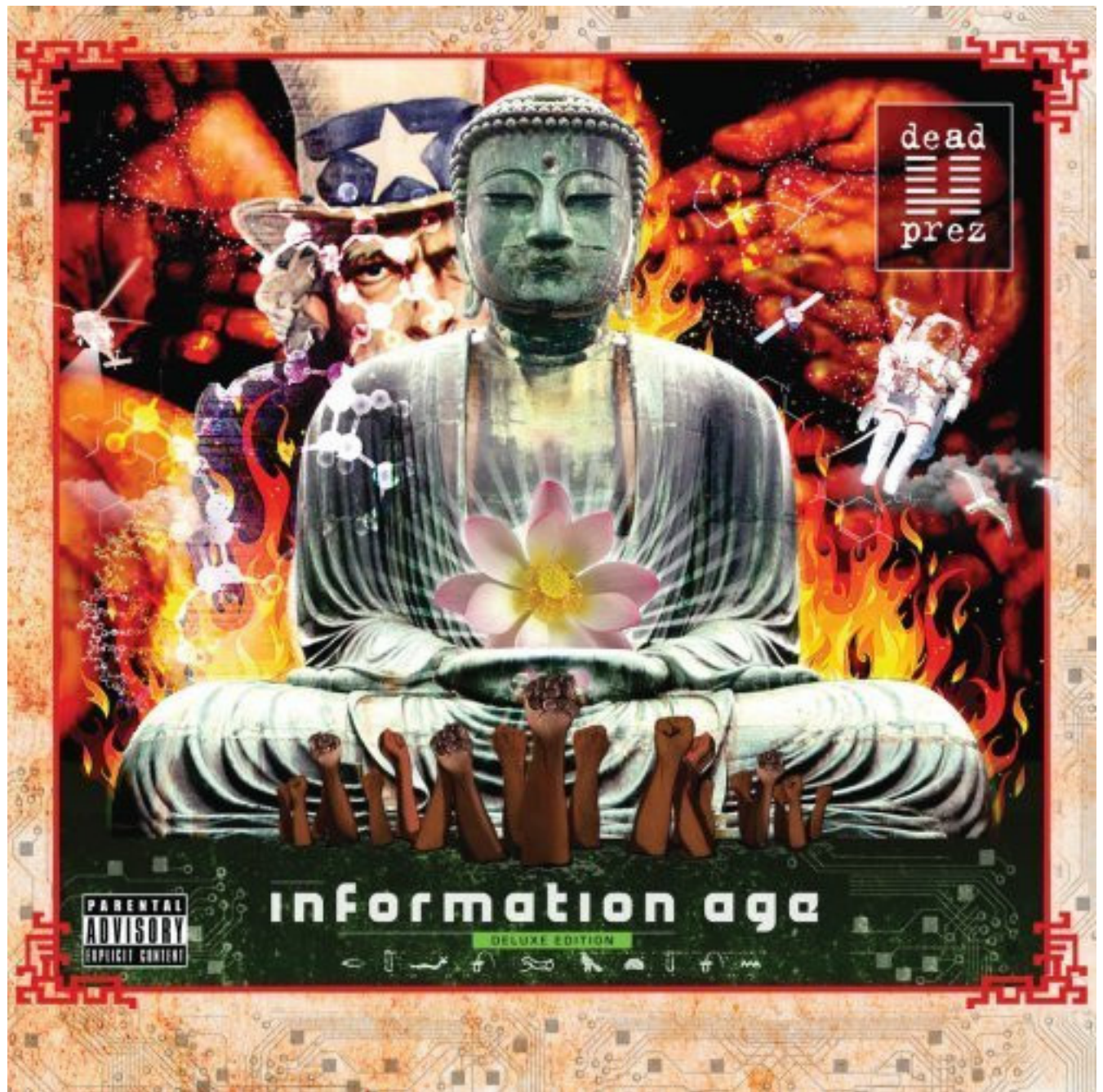
[Stic.Man:]

Crime scene forensics, syringes
Dope fiend binges
The pain seem endless
My soul cringes
Old women asleep on park benches
It's heart wrenching
Below poverty level existence
No public assistance
They system is against us
We runaway slaves, political prisoners

They manufacture disease, create sickness
Then they rent you the cure for the symptoms
To them it's just business
We the fuel for they corporate engines
A swastika and dollar sign should be they emblem
We the have nots without a pot to piss in
Living in third world conditions
I don't wanna be a victim no more
So much stress living under pressure in the trenches
The struggle is a lifelong sentence if you listen
You can hear the wretched of the earth in the distance
Coming for our day of vengeance

[Hook]

This is the revolution
This is our only solution
This is revolutionary but gangsta grillz
This is what's really real



dead
prez

PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT

information age

DELUXE EDITION



Dead Prez Lyrics

"A New Beginning"

Times is getting rough, huh? That's nothing new to us
There's nothing to discuss. Just make adjustments, time is up
This crazy world we live in, they taking, ain't no giving
Consuming, not producing. We got a problem, Houston
Its worse than genocide, they get inside your mind
Tricked 'ya. You thought the finish line was 1999, didn't 'ya?
Try to save the trees but you can't go green without that black and red
If we gon' get free we got to change that lightbulb in our head

[Hook]

The end of the world don't mean too much to us
It's a new beginning
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust to us
It's a new beginning

Stock market crashing daily, they say that times are scary
They dollar's losing value, but the hood knew that already
The price of gas been rising, at times we can't afford it
The oil supply is leaking, facing a global shortage
According to news reporters, every year its getting warmer
These violent weather patterns, some say it's just nature's karma
They planting they seeds of fearing, genetic engineering
Interfering with the crops and now the bees are disappearing
Don't know what is upon us, just know one thing for certain
Change is so necessary cause they system is not working
Maybe it would take destruction to make a better world
And if that's what it takes then I hope Babylon just keep on burning

We - we got a problem, Houston *[x3]*

[Hook x3]

Dead Prez Lyrics

"What If The Lights Go Out"

Aye, aye, there go the rescue
Aye, there they go right there
They lookin for us
There go the helicopter
Yo hey aye
Yo don't do that man, you gon get shot man
We right here
Yo, right here, right here
Aye where yall going?
Man, they ain't coming to help us man
Where yall going?
We got to help our motherfucking self

Whatever gonna be I'm ready
Got my AR-15 ready
Water in my canteen ready
When the shit hit the fan I'm ready
Can't get no dough off your car
Can't eat no money, no credit
Can't get no food from the stove
But the struggle won't break my spirit
The strong survive and we perish
A man with a plan don't panic
Survivor candles, solar panels
Chapters from my soldier manual
Organization, communication
Clarity, family, solidarity
The dollar bill is just a piece of paper
If the lights go out it ain't gon save ya

What if the lights go out?
Right now right now right now right now right now
What if the lights go out?
Right now right now right now right now right now

Raindrops falling from the sky
Teardrops falling from your eye
Is anybody out there on your side?
Lights out, it's on the night
Disorganized humanity
Is borderline insanity
But don't panic, be cool
No code to the streets and no rules
They don't alert you, about the curfew
First they search you, then they merk you
Psychological, diabolical
Biological, highly volatile

Knocked on the door with Josephina
Dropped herself in your arena
What did we learn from Katrina?
I hope you can swim if you're waiting on FEMA

What if the lights go out?
Right now right now right now right now right now right now
What if the lights go out?
Right now right now right now right now right now right now

Follow your heart, follow the light
The light within, it will show you the way
Follow your heart, follow the light
The light within, it will show you the way

What if the lights go out?
Right now right now right now right now right now right now
What if the lights go out?
Right now right now

Dead Prez Lyrics

"GHN: Global Hood News"

[News Reporter Ime Oli]

This is Ime Oli reporting for the Information Age, Global Hood News Report

In the Global Hood News today:

Global pandemic has the world health organization and US government work hand in hand

To white the vitamins and natural medicines essential

To prevent to their healthcare off the shelves

This raises eyebrows as new information emerges from progressive and holistic communities

About the critical importance of vitamin D

Discipline, the OGs and elders like Matula Shakur say it is a question of population control

And the people must wage struggle for truth and reconciliation

Next up, if you haven't seen the fires, well you've probably smelled the smoke

Resistance in form in forms of riots and police clashes in cities around the world

90 Cs way informer is reporting live from Philadelphia

[Informer]

Well, Ime Helu, the situation is tense to say the least in front of City Hall right now

Many organizations have valued membership and are out in numbers chanting and raising banners plackets

which read a laundry list of grievances

For instance, one read "foreclosure equals war on poor people"

Another read "schools are jails, stop locking up the youth"

And lastly "Mayor McNutter is a buster"

Oh that read "puppet"

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Dirty White Girl"

[Verse 1: M1]

I'm sucker free, sugar free
Dairy free until we're free
Let you life with T, wanna kick with me
But that bitch ain't never mean shit to me man
I stay away from cocaina
That's white Jesus, I'm a non-believer
I was taught not to fear no evil
But I don't wanna catch no jungle fever

[Stic.man]

Yo Snow White, Cinderella
Don't wanna get no salmonella
Mozzarella, not the fella
Black to the berry, the darker the better
Devil's daughter, I don't want her
Shit I had you strung out on the corner
Crack in your hand, that's Ku Klux Klan
No blonde if a nigga meet a real Roxanne

[Hook]

Dirty white girl, she's so addictive
Don't wanna go so you win all
Dirty white girl, she's so addictive
Don't wanna go so you win all

[Verse 2: stic.man]

Milk on your mustache, ew
What's that? I don't trust that, that's suspect
[?] toast, soup froze
Dextrose? I'm lactose intolerant
I'm not buying it, I don't swallow it
I'm not fooled by your white power politic
White flower? Not none of it
I don't sleep with the government

[M1]

Just the kush, not the yayo
Cause that Barbara Bush is fatal
Ebony and ivory, society done a lot to me
She been around the industry
I know her history, it's not a mystery
Crystal meth, PCP, LSD, that's not for me

[Hook]

[Verse 3: stic.man]

I stay away from them see through panties, that's paraphernalia
With a poor white trash of kid, ya ain't fucking with Virginia Slims
Cancer stick, she no good for me, bitch make me sick
No, I'm not the one, I'm not the trick
I need a sista souljah, not a Dixie Chick
No dairy queen, no Lindsey Lohan
What that mean? I ain't with your program

[M1]

My cup, styrofoam
Tell you right, won't steer you wrong
Make you lean, make you fall
Michael Jack, off the wall
Hard white, my wife
She like to ride that glass pipe
Fast life, popping pills
Cheap thrills get you killed
Big syringe, pick your skin
Make you thin, she not your friend
Frying pan, brain on drugs
Back hand, ain't no love

[Hook]

[Outro]

The concept of race has no scientifically proven biological or genetic validity.
It is a social construct that has been used as tool of oppression for centuries

Dead Prez Lyrics

"No Way As The Way"

[Hook]

My way might not be your way
But it's okay
It's alright, your way might not be my way
But it's okay
It's alright

[Stic.man]

Yea, I used to go to church
But the church didn't quench my thirst
Mama taught me to put god first
But she never tried to block my search
I was curious, young but serious
Why's religion so mysterious
Why is black life so hard?
They say you're not supposed to question God
Well is it okay to question the pastor?
Was it passed down from the slave-master?
It was only the truth I was after
But I never could get a straight answer
So I couldn't be late to the sermon
Put down the bible, then I start learning
About life, didn't know where the path would lead
But I had to get off my knees

[Hook]

[Stic.man]

I build with the fire that's in us
Only God within us, it's no limits
Study the metu neter from chemic
Also I remembered
Smoke herb with the Rastafarians
Who my locks became a vegetarian
Following the tao, filling what the bible lacks
Jewels being handed to a innocent child
My mind is a Buddhist temple, the truth is simple
I try to be principle
Walking with a warrior spirit
It ain't nothing like learning from first hand life experience
I'm a realist, that's all I deal with
Respect the truth, that's all I build with
A child of the universe
My religion is life and it's just as valid
I strive for balance

[Hook]

[M-1]

I gotta admit, I don't know
End to end which way it's gonna go
Why we sit by the project window?
And started living off the land with my kin folk
Is there even a master plan?
An unseen hand? Is God a man?
Some say that's sacrilegious
Same folks selling us lies about Christmas
Santa Claus and the Easter Bunny
Just so the capitalists can make money
They say God will take care of it
But you a terrorist if you say the same thing in Arabic
It's so hypocritical
It's a miracle, listen to the Mexican spirituals
Weighed in the water, I'm following Mr. Minute
That turn I'm paying for my freedom
I'm heading for the border

[Hook: x3]

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Learning Growing Changing"

[Intro]

We could grow
We could develop
As we know, the heaven is not a place
And happiness lives in the heart
Long as the world keep turning
I do years, we keep on learning
Ya heard?

[Hook]

Keep on learning, and soaking up game
We gon' make mistakes, we gon' go through some things
Keep on growing, keep on soaking up game
If something ain't working, don't be afraid to change

[Verse 1]

Nobody know it all, as soon as you think you do – that's when you fall
We gotta do more than survive, we must evolve
Things change just when you think you seen it all
We trip, we stumble but we get back and strike
Each day, all the way, one step at a time
Don't wanna let my ego and pride make me blind
The elders say "when you stop growing – that's when you die"
The one who gets the knowledge is the one who asked "why?"
Through the course of life, you gon' taste some humble pie
But I love it – it makes me appreciate the things that I take for granted
Gaining insight and understanding
Each one, teach one, we got to pass it on
Keep doing the knowledge, building and had in all
We're fake that need assumption
That nobody knows everything but everybody knows something

[Hook]

[Verse 2]

The more you know, the more you know – you don't know
And if you don't know there's more you can know then you won't grow
What you don't know can hurt you, discipline is a virtue
You gotta ask the right questions
It helps you go into cycles and cyphers and spirals
Information is viral, it infects you
It's contagious and have you going through stages
Like deny, you don't believe that, no, we didn't do that
Then reality set in, there's no disputing the facts
Yo I'm sorry if I woke you up, but when I open up
It's like I'm smoking but I'm high off the people, watch me soak it up
Huey said the best education is observation and participation

Study how the people be relating
Different points of views turn bad news to good news
See, it's kinda like some shoes cause they gotta make you move
Treat it like organic food, make it something you can chew
Information you can use, make it something you can do

[Hook]

[Interlude]

Aye man, it's okay to say you don't know
That's when you let go your ego
You're free from all illusion, dig?
Can't make moves in confusion
Don't look for conflict, man
Always look for the solution
And my pop said "humility is a sign of wisdom"
But to really soak it in, now that's a different kind of listening
See men sharpen men, and every day is another lesson
And it's not fair you only learn man, it's a blessing
And as the Buddha says, "nothing lasts forever"
You gotta manage your expectations
The less we pray, the less we suffer
And this way we awaken
Right understanding
Right thought
Right speech
Right action
Right livelihood
Right effort
Right mindfulness
Right focus
Keep soaking
Soak it up

[Hook]

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Time Travel"

(feat. Trx)

[Hook]

I just wanna time travel, to know what I don't know
I just wanna time travel, to know what I don't know
See what I wanna see, feel what I wanna feel
Be what I wanna be, I tell 'em what's right and what's real
See what I wanna see, feel what I wanna feel
Be what I wanna be, I tell 'em what's right and what's real

[Verse 1]

I'm Zen'd up and I'm zoned out, tapped in to my own route
Wake up in the morning, throw my sneakers on, hit the streets and go all out
Beat the concrete, magic carpet
Through the neighborhood, through the project
Getting them hours and pass the college
No withdrawals without deposits
Feel that wind on my face, I'm Tommy Smith in '68
Fixed up, touch the sky, feels great, natural high
Sweat dripping down the block, healthy life, I'm out the box
When I run I'm in bliss baby, feel so good I don't wanna stop
Free my lungs of that marijuana, get my burn like a marathoner
Sunday hotter than Arizona, time travel anywhere I wanna
(I'm a long distance runner)

[Hook]

[Verse 2]

All seeing, all knowing, so free and mind blowing
Omnipotent, magnificent, liberated, feel mad different
We all talented, all gifted, tap into this raw spirit, it's unlimited
So call it a vivid suspension, expansion another dimension
Free from the box that we're trapped in
We bout to blast off, are you strapped in?
T minus and counting, imagine the ocean, the deserts
The glaciers, the clouds and the mountains
(See what I wanna see, feel what I wanna feel
Be what I wanna be, to know what's right and what's real)
Invincible, unshakable, earth quaking but unbreakable
Unstoppable, don't stop until there's no rock a few, now I got the joke
I come from the jungle, I drink from the fountain
I looked and I found this, as innocent Roberts
Who died and backed out to the big bang
15's of guap, we doing big things
(Until the fat lady sang)

[Hook]

[Interlude]

I'm Zen'd up and I'm zoned out
I tell 'em what's right and what's real
I'm Zen'd up and I'm zoned out
I tell 'em what, I tell 'em what's right and what's real
I'm Zen'd up and I'm zoned out
I just wanna time travel, to know what I don't know
I'm Zen'd up and I'm zoned out
I just wanna time travel, to know what I don't know

[Verse 3]

Still evolving, adapting, changing
Time is moving, let's embrace it
Past conditions, forward motion
Prohibition, the way it's open
Ancient wisdom, the tribe has spoken
Let the circle be unbroken
Eye of Horus, wake the Buddha
Mayan calendar – see the future
Higher consciousness, revolution
Evolution, the better humans
God particles, spirit molecules
Science turned, so what? I guess y'all already knew
Hieroglyphics, ancient temples
Know our self, infinite potential
Boundless options beyond the doctrines
We are the universe, break your boxes
(Let's go)

[Hook]

[Outro]

I'm Zen'd up and I'm zoned out

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Take Me To The Future"

(feat. Martin Luther)

[Intro: Stic.Man (Computer)]

Computer

(Where would you like to go?)

Take me to the future

[Hook: Martin Luther]

Take me to the future, take me to a better place

To another time in space, than here

Take me to the future, future for the human race

Tell me what does it take, to get there

I'm ready for change, I'm hungry for change

I'm asking for change, I'm willing to change

I'm ready for change, I'm searching for change

I'm looking for change, I'm willing to change

And I don't what it's gonna be like

But I believe that the future's bright

I take a few more steps towards it today

Our generation gotta leave it's mark

Be our own light because the world's so dark

I know it's hard to say goodbye to yesterday

But take me to the future, take me to a better place

To another time in space, than here

Take me to the future, future for the human race

Tell me what does it take, to get there

I'm ready...

[Verse 1: Stic.Man (Computer)]

I want change I could live in, not just to believe in

You know these politicians, they change with the seasons

I'm starting with the man in the mirror, my vision getting clearer

Feel like I'm at the dawn of a new era

I see a free world with no more police terror

A foundation I could pass on to E Twella

I look ahead to when their system is dead

When everybody in the hood is sheltered and fed

A black and brown real life heaven on earth

Where the last shall be first and your work is your worth

I've never been free so I can only imagine what it'd look like

But I know we need it with a passion, the good life

I ain't got to live in no mansion

To me being wealthy is being free and healthy

Power in the hands of the people, not the state

I'm so ready, how much longer? I can't wait

Can't Wait [x6]

(Almost there)

[Hook]

Take me to the future, take me to a better place
To another time in space, than here
Take me to the future, future for the human race
Tell me what does it take, to get there
I'm ready..

[Verse 2: M1]

What's your 10-20-30 year plan?
If we play it right then we outta here man
If we take it light, end of conversation
No hesitation, that's the time that we facing
Count down to a new beginning
We've been losing too long, it's time to start winning
On this land with this love and this life that we live
If we stand with each other and we fight, we can give
The babies something they can dream about, or maybe sing about
I'm looking forward to our finest hour
Give the babies something they can dream about
And maybe sing about
I'm looking forward to our finest hour
Take me to the future

[Hook]

Take me to the future, take me to a better place
To another time in space, than here
Take me to the future, future for the human race
Tell me what does it take, to get there
I'm ready for change, I'm hungry for change
I'm asking for change, I'm willing to change
I'm ready for change, I'm searching for change
I'm looking for change, I'm willing to change
And I don't what it's gonna be like
But I believe that the future's bright
I take a few more steps towards it today
Our generation gotta leave it's mark
Be our own light because the world's so dark
I know it's hard to say goodbye to yesterday
But take me to the future

[Computer]

The Future Is Now

Dead Prez Lyrics

"GHN: Elections & Crisis"

[News Reporter Ime Oli]

This is 90C's way informer

Reporting for the Information Age Global Hood News Report

[Informer]

Aye man, all this in the face of the most recent development with the people's champion Muni Abu Jamal

Though removed from death row, still being denied his rights

And more police murder of innocent people in the streets

Back to you

[Ime Oli]

And now the continent of Africa

World leaders make a breakthrough on the proposed contract for African unity

Citing Thomas Enkara, Patrice Lamumba, Kua Menkum as political education

The same leaders also criticize the US election, calling it a selection

And all of Africa is keeping a watchful eye

All this as imperialism continues to literally fall to pieces in European economic crisis

As Greece almost succeeds from the EU, Spain and Italy are reeling in attempt to stabilize for the ripple effect

which they have already begun to feel

Social sentence from Rome to Milan are gearing up and in solidarity with the Senegalese and other African

communities throughout Europe

Which are more vulnerable than ever

Dead Prez Lyrics

"The Awakening"

(feat. Umar Bin Hassan Of The Last Poets)

Like an epiphany, moment of clarity
I was blind before, but now my eyes can see
I know my destiny, I'm open mentally
My spirit is ready, for the awakening
The awakening

Empty your mind of all thoughts
Let your heart be at peace

Returning to the source of serenity

A courageous walk down the Mississippi road
We live in the blues of the delta
A good morning to your neighbor
A good night to your dreams
We are the song of survival
A living song without lyrics or words
A kind gesture, a wink of the eye
A loving touch upon a child's head
A strong warm hug to keep away the doubt
Grandma's, grandma's hands upon your face
The wiping of the wavered tears
Holding back the fizz
And between in-between the shoe shines and the dish washing
And between in-between the GD's and PhD's
And between in-between the owl houses and crack houses
We, we create waves to live and love
We live on the move
Move, moving, moving forward through the bling bling
The prison captain, the clothes castors and the hoes and bitches
And the alcohol and Jesus all on the same corner
We are the one and true living God
All around us is life
Our humanity, our humanity is the essence of life
Our blood, our blood nurtures the soul
Our humiliation and pain gives an expression
Our ignorance gives vision
To what's like living contradictions, living pillar doctors
Living phenomenons, living just for the city
For a smile, for a touch
For hip-hop, for the glory of our ancestors
And the blessings of our guides
Peace

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Overstand"

[Chorus]

Are we addicted to the struggle or committed to success?
Are we focused on the positive or holdin' onto stress?
Not sayin' thing's perfect but in many ways I'm blessed
Learnin' how to take the negative and flip for the best
Everyday bring challenge, every challenge is a chance to advance
The power is right in our own hands
From a youth full of rage, to a wise grown man
Here I am, life is beautiful now, I overstand

[Verse 1]

I'm lookin' forward through my rearview mirror in hindsight
Gotta be more than just a G if you keepin' your mind right
Better be ready for the battle or focused on my fight
I ain't sittin' on no sidelines watchin' them highlights
I'm gonna begin the game playin' to win but learnin' from setbacks
And my strengths and weaknesses and masterin' what I'm best at
Power of refinement until you get right, exact
It's all in your mind, but that's dependin' where your head's at
Life is a chess match and lessons come from your mistakes
Try not to end up in checkmate no matter whatever it takes
Long as you're breathin then you can be problem solvin'
Stayin' involved, evolved, world keeps revolvin'
For the cause be all you can from the mornin' to the sunset
You never have no regrets
Took the journey to the edge of your fate and then lept
Not just understandin' but overstandin' is the objective

{keep it open, in perspective}

[Refrain]

Just let me be what I am
Take my destiny in my hands
By my actions you can judge where I stand
And I hope one day you'll overstand

[Verse 2]

Change come from the inside out
No fear, live free, let the truth ride out
I'm steady, shakin' off the shackles of the old me
Wakin' up daily, meditation, feelin' so free
They hate to see you change {yeah}
But they don't understand {no}
The less you see for yourself, you won't comprehend
The caterpillar don't care what you think about him
He was born to be fly, his nature gonna bring it outta him
By the struggle I was never broken, I was broken open

I tapped into a source that was omnipotent
Had to shift my focus to my higher purpose
ain't nothing weak about broke, it takes a fighter's courage
People say they want a revolution
But steady holdin' on the slave ideas, afraid of evolution
In life we live and learn, it's practice, theory, practice
Wisdom is organically grown, its not pre-packaged

{it's forward baby, never backwards}

[Refrain x1]

[Verse 3]

We think we found the absolute truth
But only to discover it's a labyrinth, we go from on maze to another
So many chambers and angles, peelin' the onion layers
Within it all I see the same gang, just different players
So I rebel from the prison cell of the pidgeon hole
And dare to be myself, original
A man lives on principles --I don't posture to be popular
Born to be a leader not just a blind follower

[Verse 4]

It's family before the dollar, your priorities in order
And like Bruce Lee say: "Be the water, be the earth, be the wind and the fire."
Elevate, take it higher
It's instinct, fulfill your needs and your desires
But we go to be compassionate, considerate, a people's advocate
Eradicatin' ignorance through experience
The more you live, the more you learn and you grow
It has a positive effect on all the people you know

{it's motivation}

[Refrain]

[Chorus]

I hope that you will overstand *[x2]*

{look at things without any opinion
otherwise you'll never look at reality
look at things without any philosophy, without any prejudice, without any dogma, creed or scripture
just look, without arrogance
and see the cause of ignorance, it overstands}

{Change is necessary to evolution
The universe contains incredible diversity
And you cannot experience it all within the confines of one comfortable lifestyle
Look ahead to what you will think of your life at it's end
You will probably not want to look back and say it was cozy and dull
Thus, react positively to what seems to be disaster
Remember that what seems how to be disaster may be an important step toward evolution

And may even be identifiable as such at some point in the future
Every great loss takes you out of a rut and starts life anew
Be grateful for the time you had and your former happy state
And look forward eagerly to the new phase
Information age.}

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Scar Strangled Banner"

Where there's health neglect
There's no self-respect
But what else you expect?
Look how they dealt the deck
We inherited stress
Had to bury our best
Martin, Malcolm X
Bullet holes in they chest
We adapt to the struggle
Only way we survive
Eating scraps from the table
But it kept us alive
Making something from nothing
Still we hope for the best
Making miracles happen, daily coping with less

Scar strangled banner
Scar strangled banner
Scar strangled banner

Raised in the ghetto
Singing songs – called survival
But eating soul food to
Have you dead on arrival
Hand on the rifle
Other hand on the bible
Strong as an ox
But look at what you put inside you
We resilient beings
Do the silliest things
Know better than you better
Cause that's what experience brings
Break out of jail
But can you break out a sickle cell?
We say we livin well
But we living in hell

We already been to the other side
We ain't turning back, now we choose a lie
To many goodbyes, and that ain't right
We feel it inside, it's time to fight

We already been to the other side
We ain't turning back, now we choose a lie
To many goodbyes, and that ain't right
We feel it inside, it's time to fight

We glue to the TV screen commercials in-between
Crack Donalds, Murda King
What happened to eat your greens?
Eatin some or anything, abusing Mary Jane
Chinese chicken wings, everyday hood thing
5 hour energy, red bull and Hennessey
Head bobbin but the organs full of toxicity
Pack a cool menthol, nicotine pit fall
They have the nerve to
Put cool on the pack so they can trick y'all
Slave to the Dutch master
Colon cancer victim
Tell you on the package
But we still blame the system
No squares in my circle
Screw all that sippin purple
I'm tryina live to my potential
Age is just a number
A G preserve his temple
A G control his temper
No discipline, you slippin
No toxins in my kitchen
Slavery is over cousin
But then at lunch it wasn't
If food is the last plantation
Then I'm Harriet Tubman
Advocating colonics
Saving my lungs from chronic
But you can't free a slave
Unless he knows he's in bondage
(You wanna get freaky? Let's go)
You can't free a slave
Unless he knows he's in bondage

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Politrikks"

[Intro]

You already know what time it is
Dead... prez... dot... com
Information news

[Verse 1: stic.man]

Everywhere we go
Every day on TV
They be talking about
Who you gonna vote for
You got a black man running
But I wonder if he get in
Who he gonna open up the door for?
I don't wanna to discourage my folk
I believe in hope
I just want us to want more
Politics is a game
How they keep us contained
There gotta be more that we could hope for
Democrats and Republicans
Just 2 sides of the same coin
Either way, it's still white power
It's the same system
Just changed form
You wanna vote? please do!
Cast your ballot, let your voice be heard
But what I do want to say is
After the election
You'll see
Mark my words

[Hook]

It's politic time again
It's politrick time again
It's politic time again
It's politrick time again

Shoot the messenger!

[Verse 2: M-1]

This is the most important election of all time
The government's committing the biggest of all crimes
These bullshit politicians say they speaking for the people
Before they ran for office, they were shitting on the people
Billion dollar campaigns
Trillion dollar bailout
Anybody know the definition of a sell-out? huh?

And if Obama win, he wouldn't be the first black
Take your 2 dollar bill and turn it over to the back (you see? right there)
But with the TV on, you only hearing they voice
The system is broken, they trying to beat a dead horse
Go ahead and vote for the lesser of two evils
I plot, plan, and strategize with the poor people
The middle class will say this opinion is irresponsible
But if you ain't got no healthcare, they kickin' you out the hospital
McKinney, Clemente, off in the Green Party
No disrespect, we need a Red, Black, and Green Party
Like Marcus Garvey's

[Hook]

Even if Obama wins
Uncle Sam ain't my friend

It's politrikks time again
It's bullshit time again

[Outro: Malcolm X]

The time is on the side of the oppressed today; it's against the oppressor
And truth is on the side of the oppressed today; it's against the oppressor
You'll see it. You'll see terrorism...

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Download (Expand Beyond)"

This is Ime Oulu reporting for the Information Age, Global Hood News Report

In women's beauty and cosmetic news, not to be taken lightly, the rise in medical malpraxis and white market
body injection, instances continue

Scientists have also found the culprit in the newest cases of head cancer have been linked to the glue used in
the ever popular lace front wig

Also in sports, as a closing note to the Olympic propaganda charade

Salute to the amazing African tracking field athletes

Some of who are forced to run under a colonial flag

Congratulations Mo Farad, a Somalian who's gold was stolen once again by Great Britain

This Ime Oulu along with 90 Seas Way Informer and this is the Global Hood News

Where there's health neglect there's no self-respect

But what else you expect? Look how they dealt the death

We inherited stress, had to bury our best

Martin, Malcolm X, bullet holes in they chest

We adapt to the struggle, only way we survive

Eating scraps from the table but it kept us alive

Making something from nothing, still we hope for the best

Making miracles happen, daily coping with less

Scar string will ban 'em

Scar string will ban 'em

Scar string will ban 'em

Raised in the ghetto, singing songs – called survival

But eating soul food to have you dead on arrival

Hand on the rifle, other hand on the bible

Strong as an ox but look at what you put inside you

We resemble your things, do the silliest things

No better than you better cause that's what experience brings

Break out of jail but can you break out a fascicle cell?

We say we living well, but we living in hell

We already been to the other side

We ain't turning back, now we choose a lie

To really get by this, and that ain't right

We feel it inside, it's time to fight

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They have the nerve to put cool on the pack so they can trick y'all
Slave to the Dutch master, colon cancer victim
Tell you want a package but we still blame the system
No squares in my circle, screw all that sippin purple
I'm tryina live to my potential, age is just a number
A G preserve his temple, a G control his temper
No discipline, you slippin, no toxins in my kitchen
Slavery is over cousin, but then at lunch it wasn't
If food is the last plantation then I'm Harriet Tubman
Advocating colonics, saving my lungs from chronic
But you can't free a slave unless he knows he's in bondage
(You wanna get freaky? Let's go)
You can't free a slave unless he knows he's in bondage